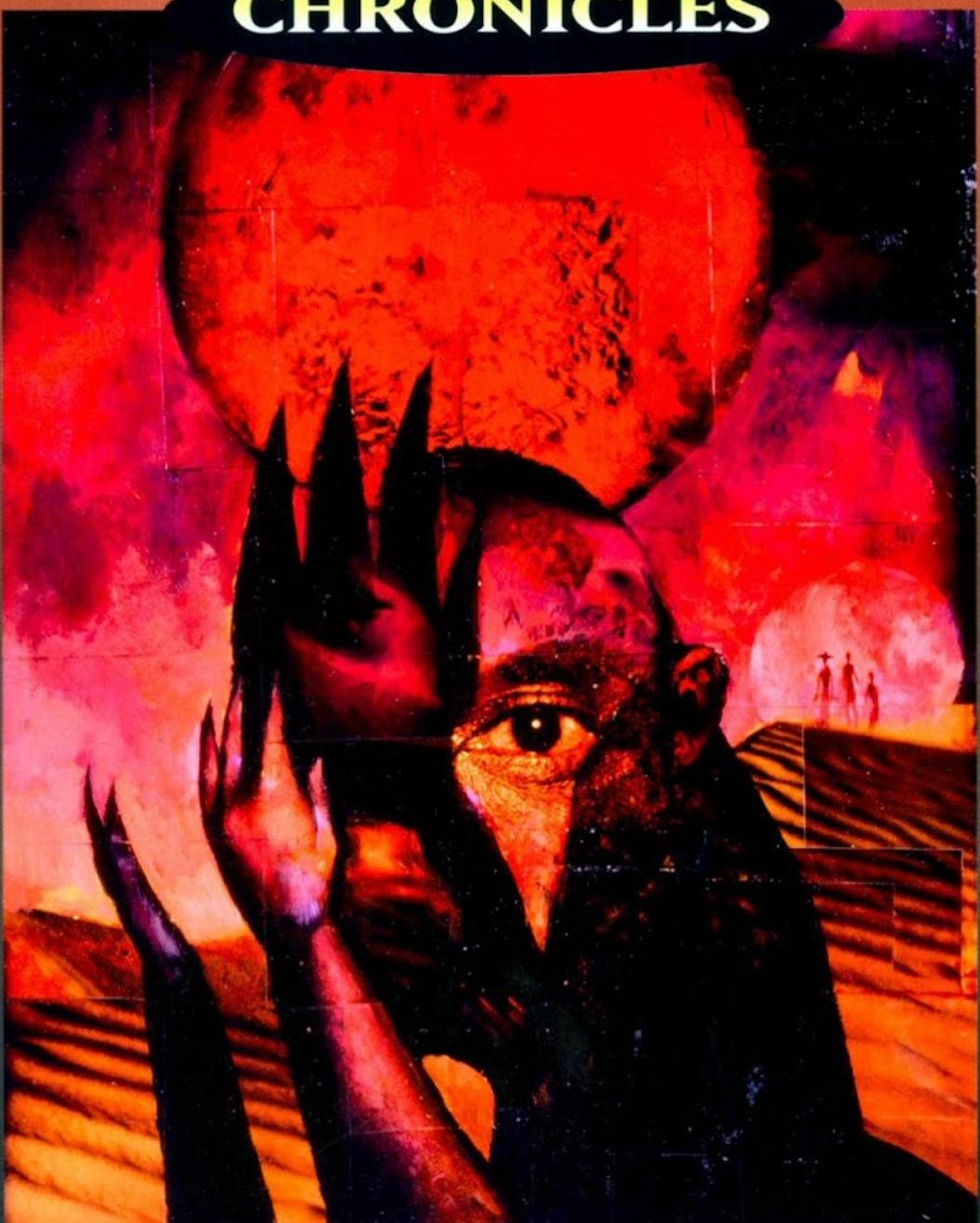


THE RAY

BRADBURY

CHRONICLES



→ VOLUME 5 ←

WAYNE D. BARLOWE • MIKE KUCHARSKI
MIKE MIGNOLA • RON WILBER



RAY
BRADBURY
CHRONICLES

ALIEN
TERROR

I
The City

II
Usher II



NANTIER • BEALL • MINOUSTCHINE
publishing inc.
new york

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK

l'enfant de l'anesthésique en alléluia

et l'adulte, faire une longue

et prenne un monde physique

et la sécularité impie), alors la couleur

me a été requise pour faire à l'heure

en étant dévoué par la nature, au

THE small ASSASSIN

MCKEAN

INTRODUCTION

"The City" was one of those stories that came out of my simply sitting down at the typewriter one morning some forty-odd years ago and typing out a few lines about a city that was alive. Once I accepted that idea, the next problem was in some ways even simpler—suppose a life form arrived at the city, something alien like, well, human beings. Wouldn't my living city, fearful for its existence, do something about the invaders? Perhaps the city had a memory, prepared hundreds or thousands of years before, to take care of the supposedly evil transgressors. From that point on, you could write your own version of "The City." Included in this issue, is mine.

"Usher II" came about because I was exhausted and sore put upon by professional psychologists and social reformers who, at one time or another four decades ago, told us that fantasy was bad for children, that only the real was to be allowed, that Alice and Dorothy and the Friends of Poe Society and Tarzan should not be allowed in our schools or living rooms. One learned professor managed to get quite a few comic books banned for many years. Later in life, much too late, he apologized and said he was wrong. Since then, as you know, comic books have come back full flood. Anyway, I decided to take arms against such meddling fools, and imagine a future when a person like myself had the money to build Usher II and invite those unwelcome critics in for a Saturday night party. The rest is history, as acted out by my technological monsters and computer beasts in one of my favorite stories. If you liked Poe's "Usher," I have a feeling you will like this almost as well.

Ron Bradbury

DAVE McKEAN's multi-leveled visual style, involving paints, pen-and-ink, photography, collage, text, or various combinations thereof, has graced the covers of dozens of comics, graphic novels, books, and record albums. He's won a number of awards for his work, including a World Fantasy Award in 1990 for Best Artist. In the comics field, he's perhaps best known for his work on *Arkham Asylum*, written by Grant Morrison, and his covers for DC/Vertigo's *Sandman* series and its collected editions. Dave has also done production design for stage, film and TV.

MIKE MIGNOLA started working as an inker for Marvel Comics, but soon moved on to pencilling such titles as *Rocket Raccoon*, *The Hulk* and *Alpha Flight*. In the ten years since, he has worked for all the major comic book publishers. He is best known for his work on titles such as DC's *Cosmic Odyssey* and *Gotham by Gaslight*, Marvel's *Wolverine: the Jungle Adventure*, Epic's *Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser* and Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, the movie adaptation from Topps. In addition to his comic book work, Michael briefly worked on the animated *Batman* series as well as working with Francis Ford Coppola on the movie *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. Mike currently resides in San Francisco with his wife.

JAMES VAN HISE has worked as a writer, editor and publisher for 20 years. He co-edited the Warner Books *Midnight Graffiti* paperback in 1992 and co-created the magazine of that name in 1988. He has written or edited over one hundred books and magazines on movies and TV shows for various publishers. He edited and published the classic comics fanzine *RBCC* in the 1970s, wrote *The Art of Al Williamson* for Pacific Comics in 1983 and will be writing an original anthology of short stories staring Kolchak, the Night Stalker.

RON WILBER is a self-taught artist who has always loved comics. He started illustrating for comic fanzines and later on for pulp fanzines and various publishers. He believes that in comics (as in most things), it pays to have good luck and good friends.

Cover and Frontispiece by Dave McKean

The City

Adapted by Mike Mignola

Lettered by Willie Schubert

Usher II

Adapted by James Van Hise

Illustrated by Ron Wilber

Lettered by Kurt Hathaway

Special thanks to Don Congdon,
Dan Martin at Sprintout,
and Uncle Ray.

Executive Editor: Byron Preiss

Editor: Howard Zimmerman

Art Director/Designer: Dean Motter

Assistant Editor: Kenneth Grobe

Managing Editor: Sally Arbuthnot

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For information address:
Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc.
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THE CITY

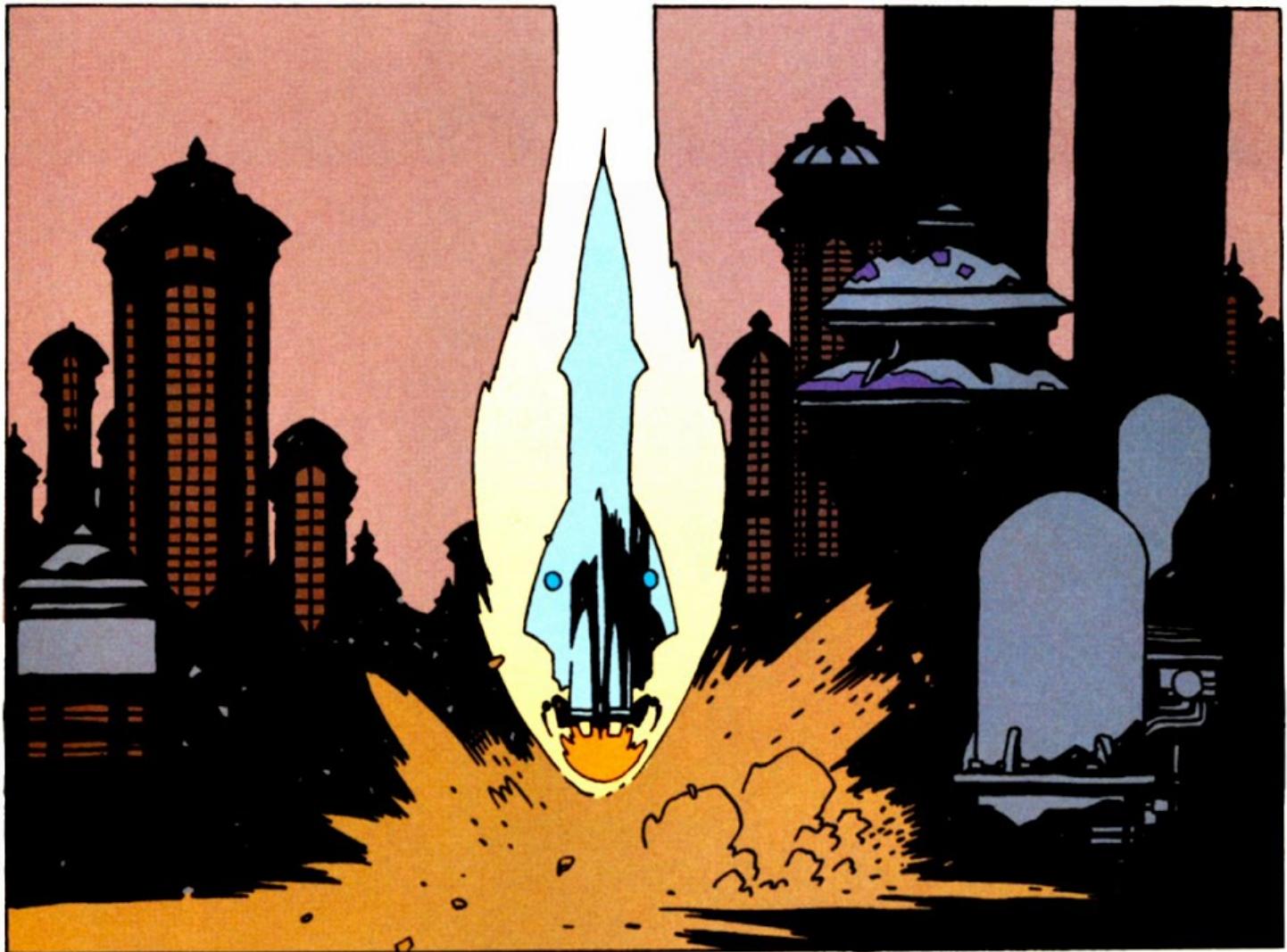
ADAPTED BY
MICHAEL
MIGNOLA

THE CITY WAITED TWENTY
THOUSAND YEARS.

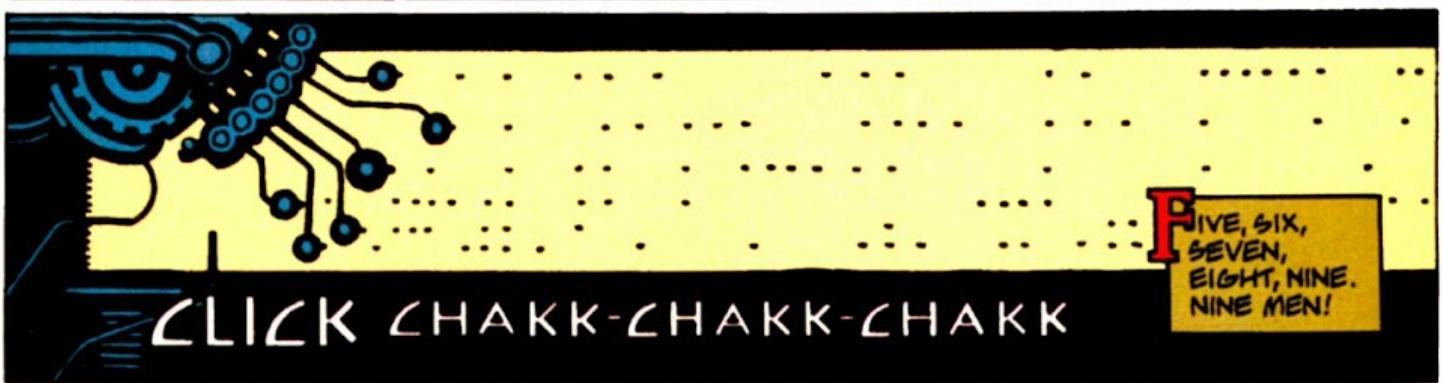


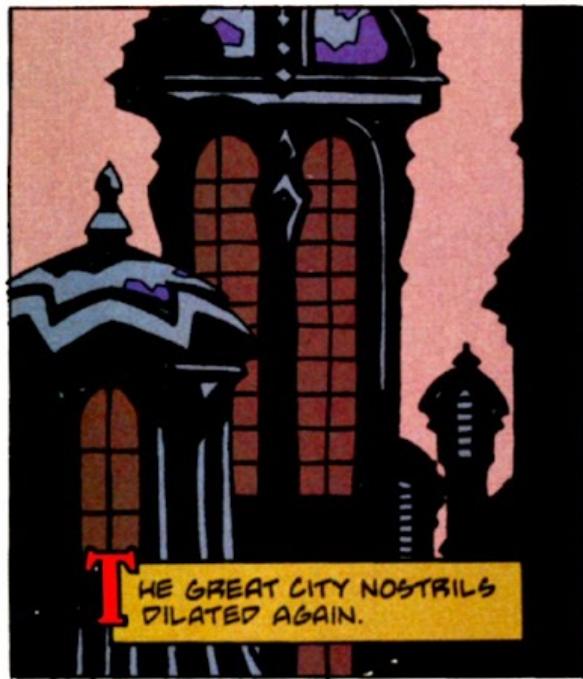
THE PLANET MOVED THROUGH SPACE
AND THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELDS
GREW UP AND FELL AWAY, AND STILL
THE CITY WAITED; AND THE RIVERS
OF THE PLANET ROSE AND WANED
AND TURNED TO DUST. STILL THE
CITY WAITED.

IT WAS ON A SUMMER
AFTERNOON IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE TWENTY
THOUSANDTH YEAR
THAT THE CITY CEASED
WAITING.



FIRE, ODOR, THE SCENT OF A FALLEN METEOR, HOT METAL. A SHIP HAS COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD. THE BRASS SMELL, THE DUSTY FIRE SMELL OF BURNED POWDER, SULPHUR, AND ROCKET BRIMSTONE.





THE GREAT CITY NOSTRILS DILATED AGAIN.

THE SMELL OF BUTTER, IN THE CITY AIR, FROM THE STALKING MEN, FAINTLY, THE AURA WHICH WAFTED TO THE GREAT NOSE BROKE DOWN INTO MEMORIES OF MILK, CHEESE, ICE CREAM, BUTTER. THE EFFLUVIA OF A DAIRY ECONOMY.

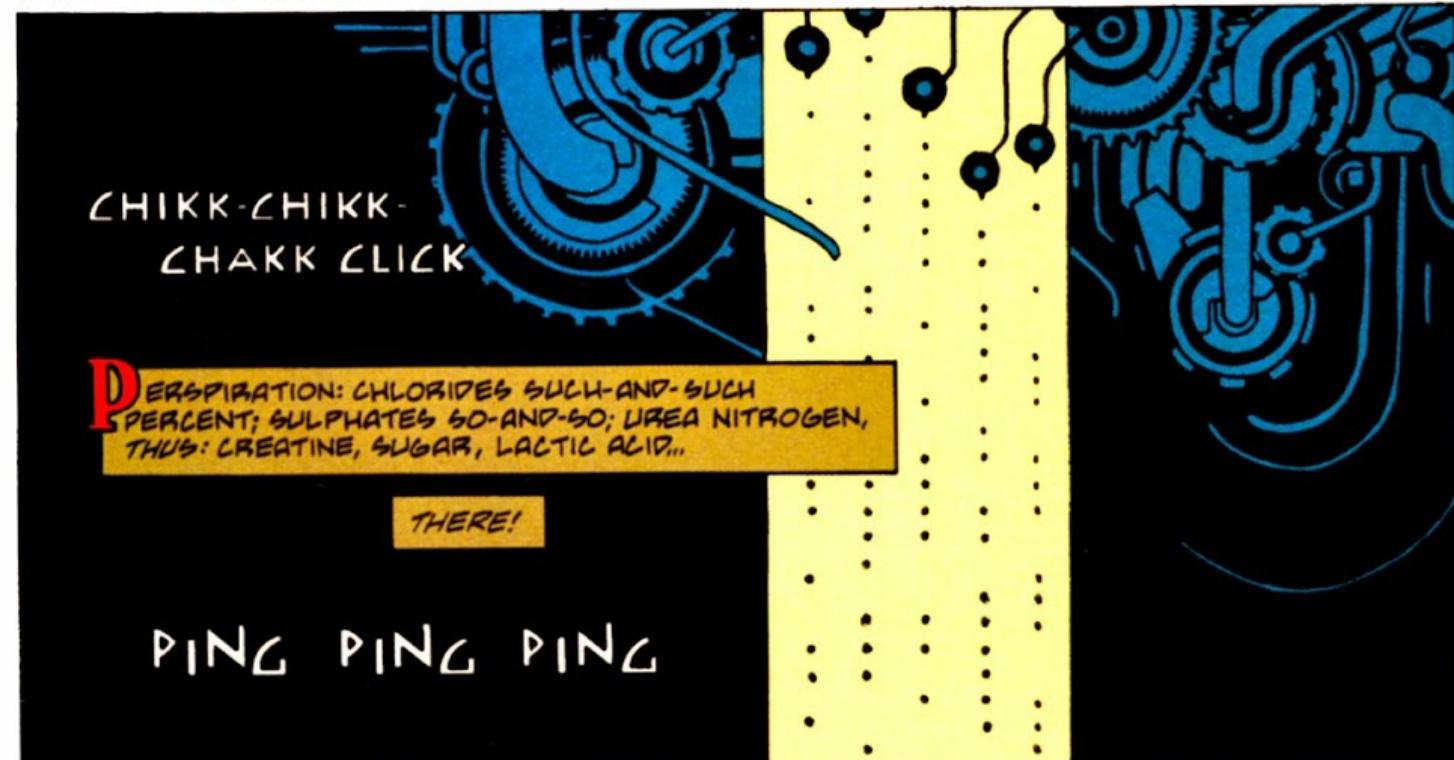
CLICK-CLICK

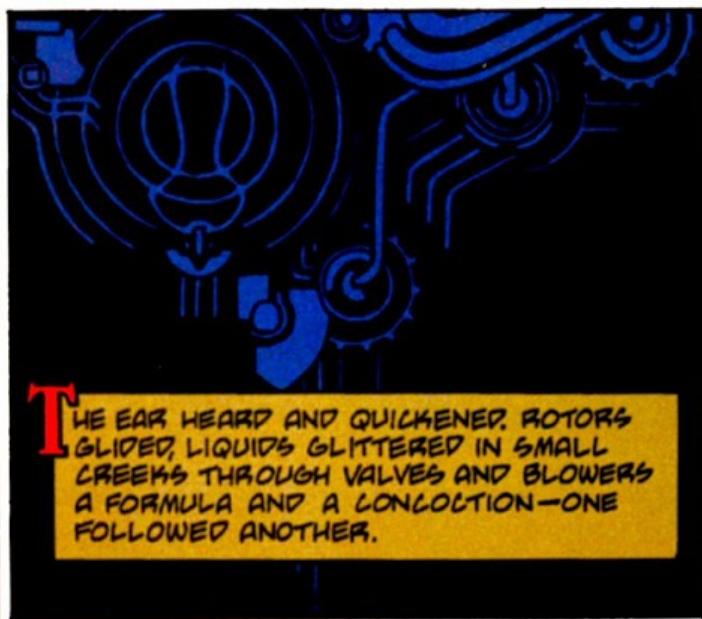


NOW, AT THE BARKING TALK THE EARS AWOKE.

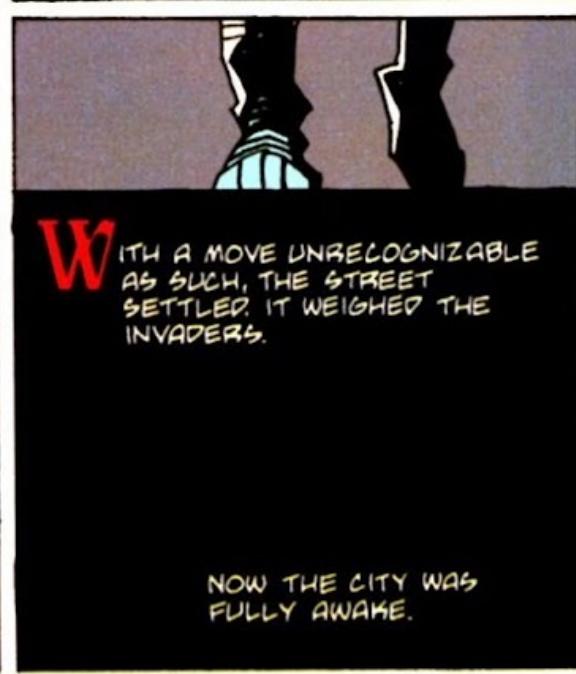
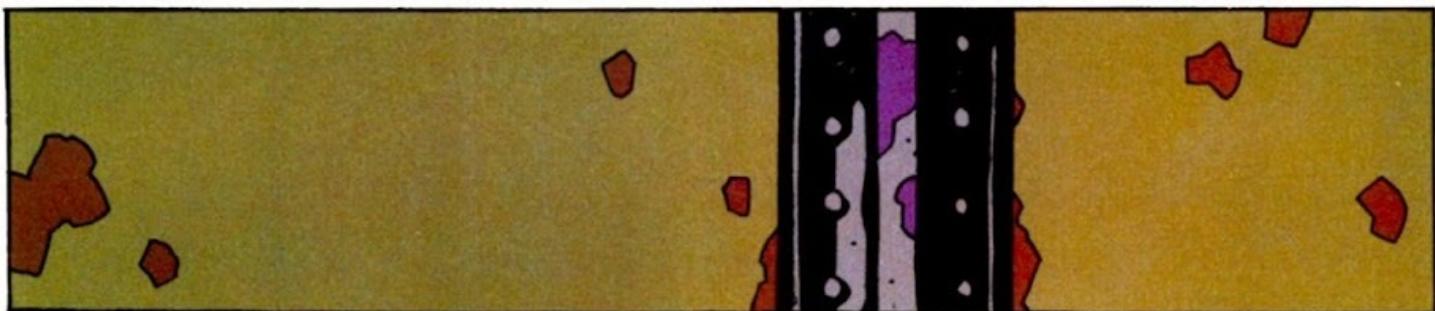


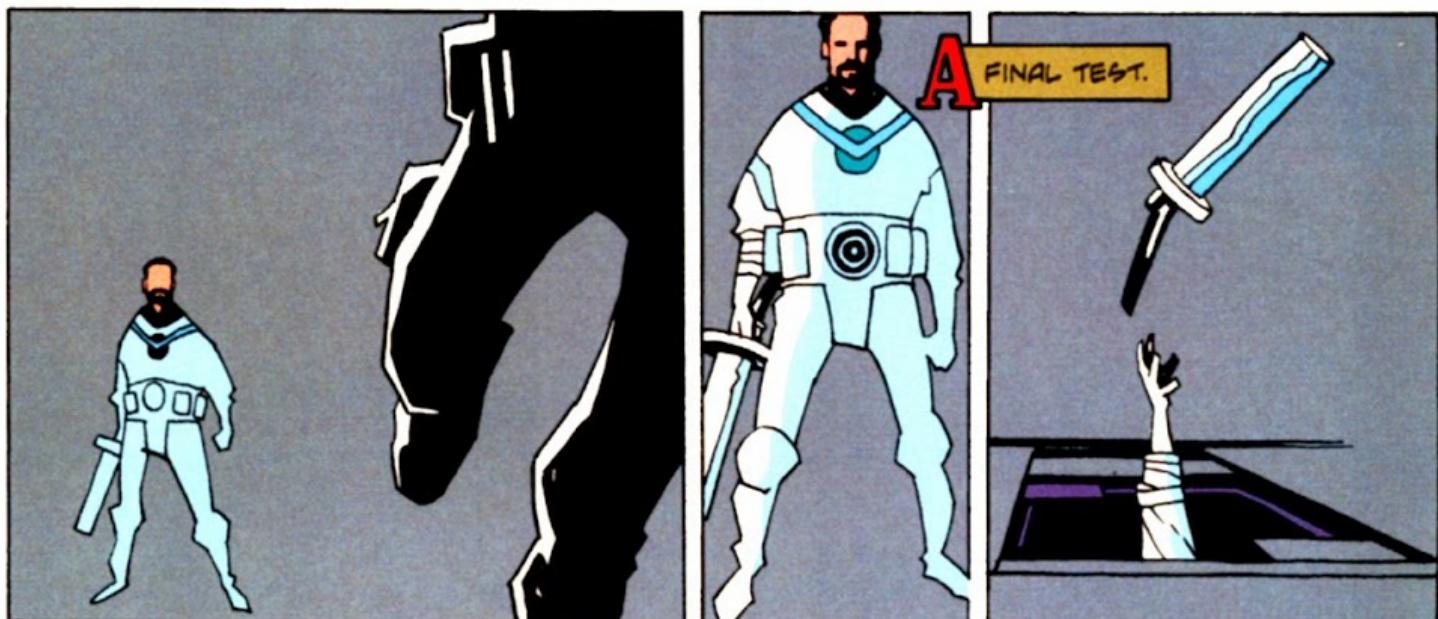
THE EARS LISTENED AND THE NOSE SIPHONED UP GREAT CHAMBERS OF ODOR.





THE EAR AND NOSE RELAXED A BILLIONTH OF A FRACTION. THE COUNTERMOVE HAD SUCCEEDED. THE PAWNS WERE PROCEEDING FORWARD.





THESE ARE OUR ENEMIES.

SMITH,
COME
BACK!



THESE ARE THE ONES WE HAVE WAITED FOR TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS TO SEE AGAIN. THESE ARE THE MEN UPON WHOM WE WAITED TO VISIT REVENGE. EVERYTHING TOTALS. THESE ARE THE MEN OF A PLANET CALLED EARTH, WHO DECLARED WAR UPON TAOLLAN TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WHO KEPT US IN SLAVERY AND RUINED US AND DESTROYED US WITH A GREAT DISEASE. THEN THEY WENT OFF TO LIVE IN ANOTHER GALAXY TO ESCAPE THAT DISEASE WHICH THEY VISITED UPON US AFTER BANSACKING OUR WORLD.

THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT WAR AND THAT TIME, AND THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN US, BUT WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THEM. THESE ARE OUR ENEMIES.



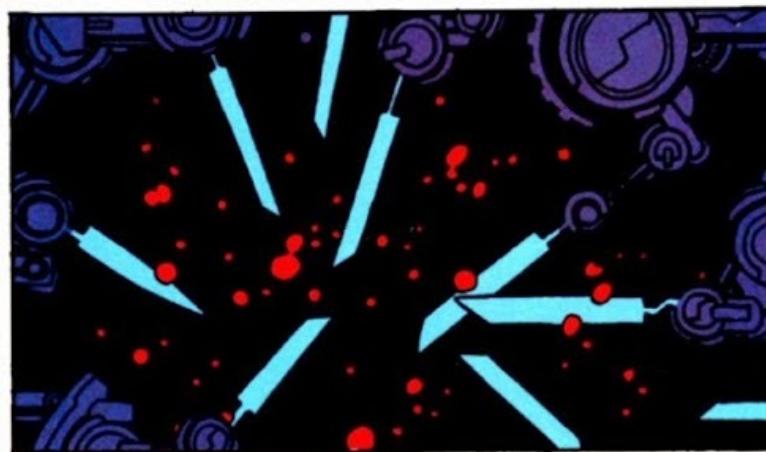


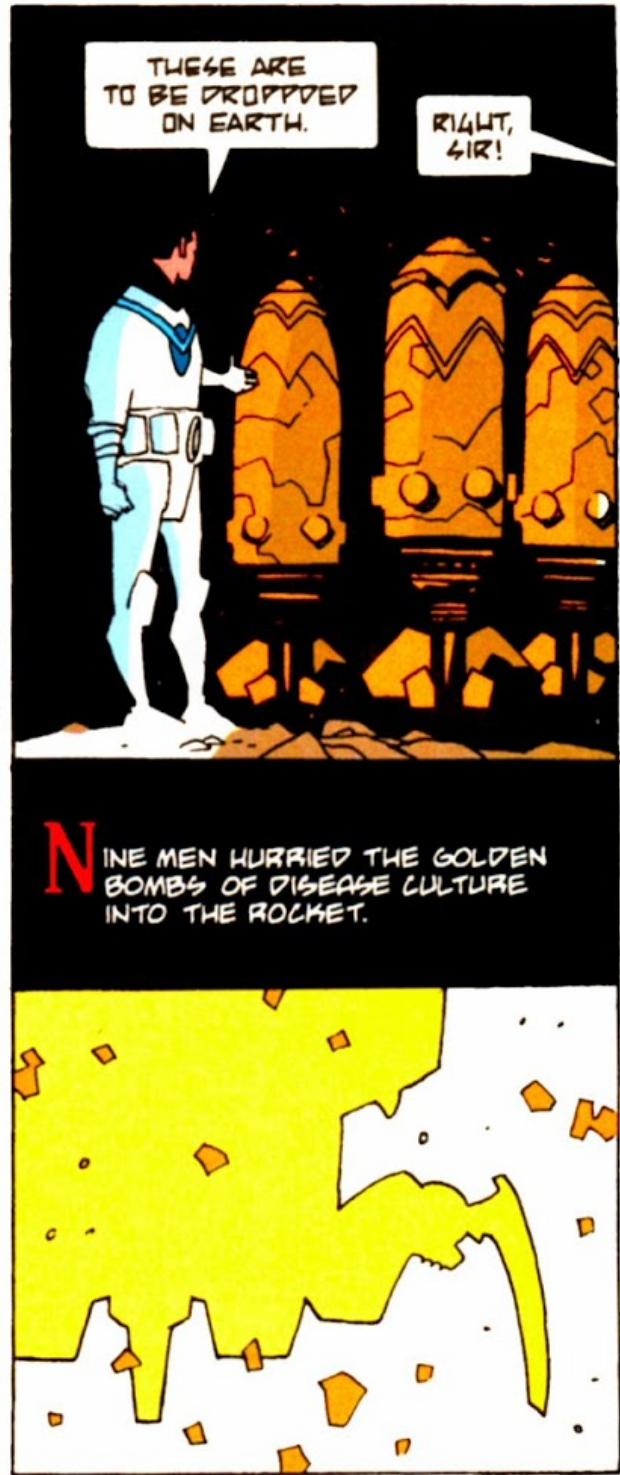
OUR WAITING IS DONE.



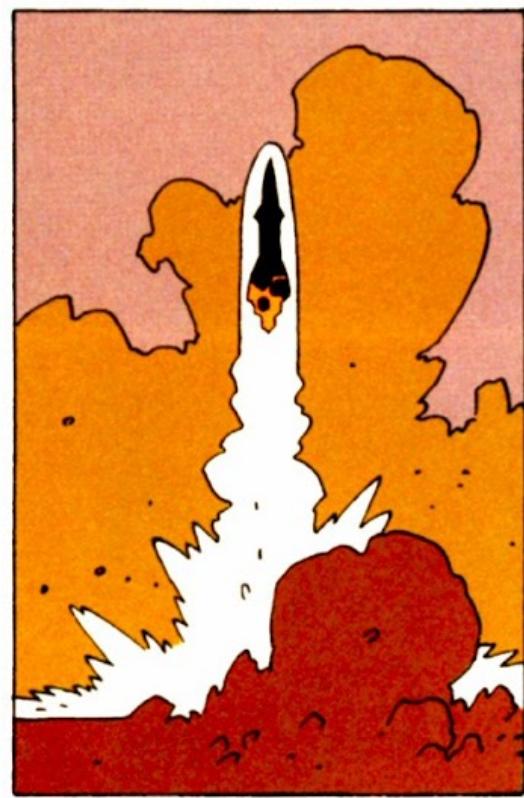


CAPTAIN, SIR, YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL. PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TO THE SHIP, SIR.





NINE MEN HURRIED THE GOLDEN BOMBS OF DISEASE CULTURE INTO THE ROCKET.

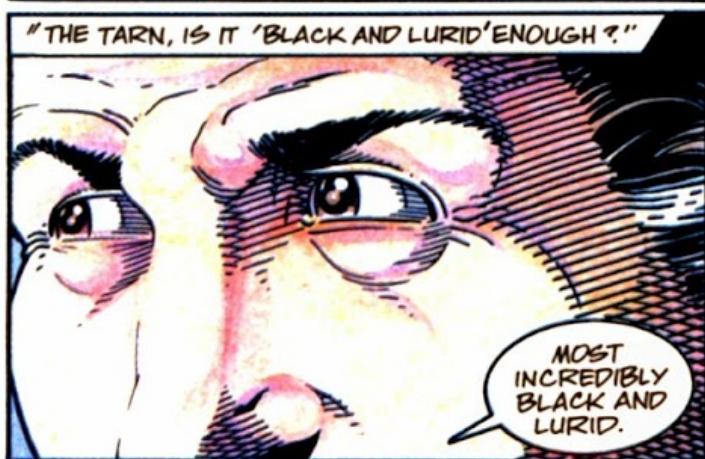


USHER II

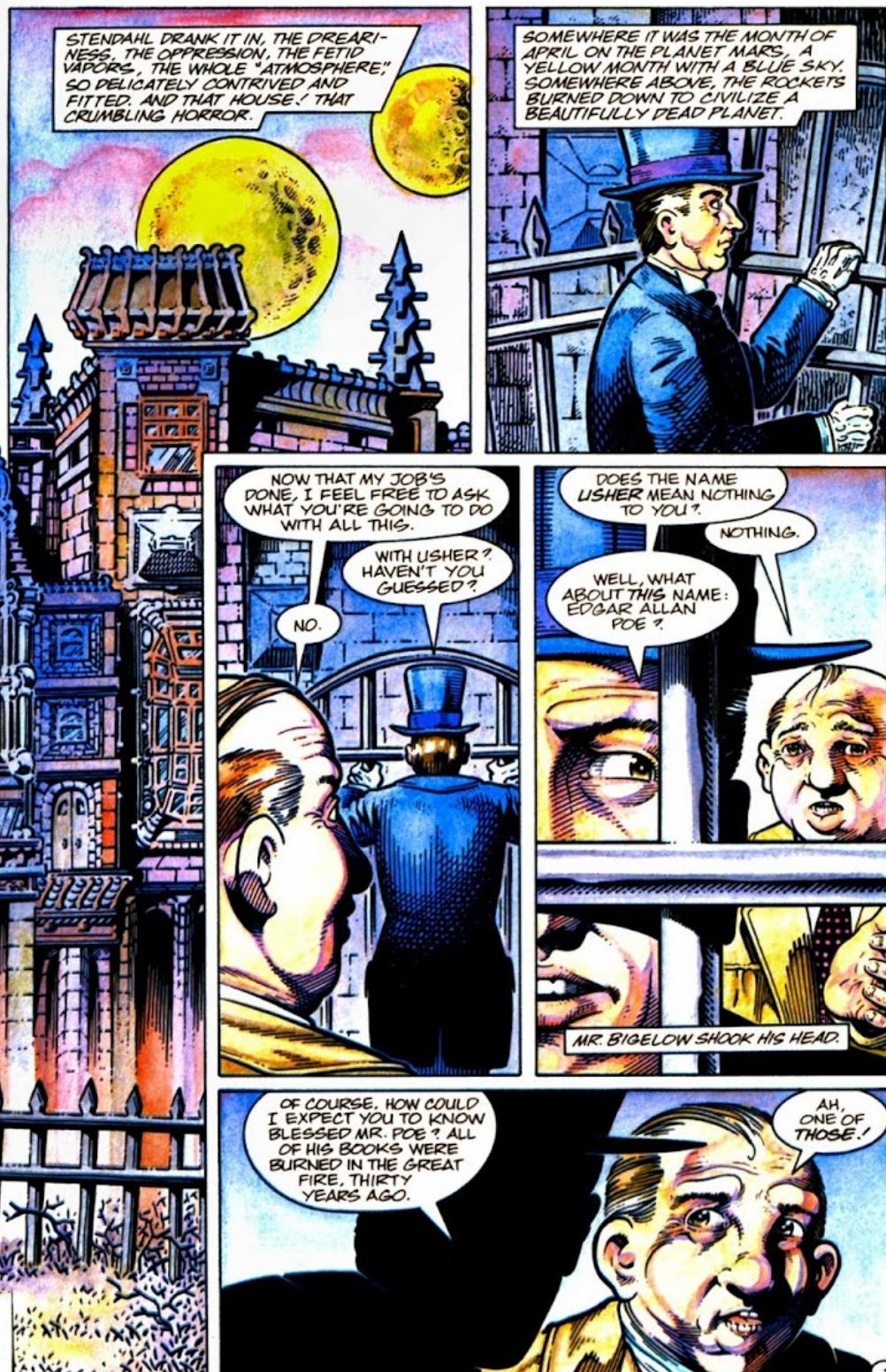
"DURING THE WHOLE OF A DULL, DARK, AND SOUNDLESS DAY IN THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR, WHEN THE CLOUDS HUNG OPPRESSIVELY LOW IN THE HEAVENS, I HAD BEEN PASSING ALONE, ON HORSEBACK, THROUGH A SINGULARLY DREARY TRACT OF COUNTRY, AND AT LENGTH FOUND MYSELF, AS THE SHADES OF EVENING DREW ON, WITHIN VIEW OF THE MELANCHOLY HOUSE OF USHER . . ."

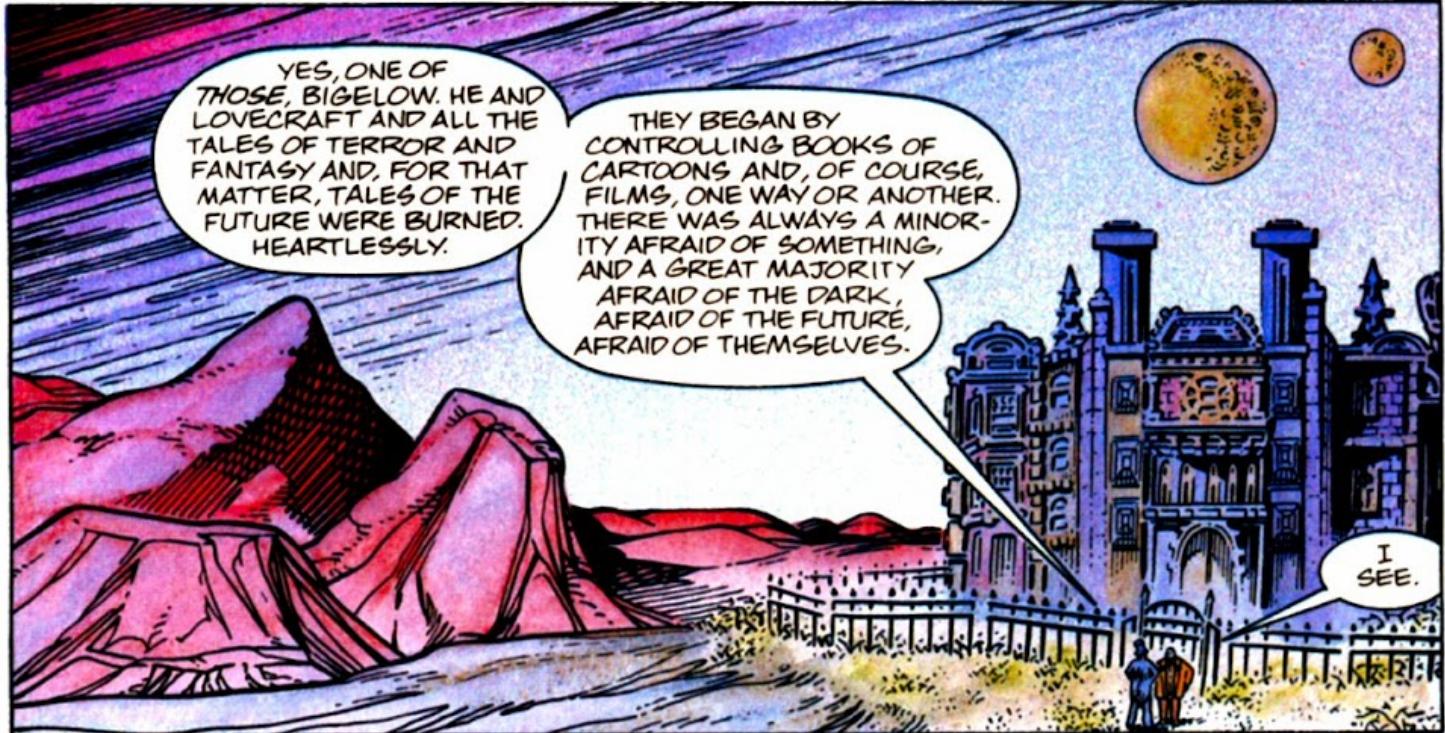
THE HOUSE OF USHER! PLANNED, BUILT, BOUGHT, PAID FOR. WOULDN'T MR. POE BE DELIGHTED?

THE TWO MEN STOOD TOGETHER SILENTLY IN THE QUIET MARTIAN AFTERNOON. BLUEPRINTS RUSTLED ON THE RAVEN GRASS AT THEIR FEET.









YOU KNOW THE LAW. NO BOOKS, NO HOUSES, NOTHING TO BE PRODUCED WHICH IN ANY WAY SUGGESTS GHOSTS, VAMPIRES, FAIRIES, OR ANY CREATURE OF THE IMAGINATION.

YOU'LL BE BURNING BABBITS NEXT!

YOU'VE CAUSED US A LOT OF TROUBLE, MR. STENDAHL. TWENTY YEARS AGO. ON EARTH. YOU AND YOUR LIBRARY.

YES, ME AND MY LIBRARY. AND A FEW OTHERS LIKE ME. UNTIL YOU SENT MEN AROUND WITH TORCHES AND TORE UP MY FIFTY THOUSAND BOOKS AND BURNED THEM.

JUST AS YOU PUT A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART OF HALLOWEEN AND TOLD FILM PRODUCERS THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO MAKE AND REMAKE ERNEST HEMINGWAY. OH, REALISM! OH, HERE, OH, NOW, OH, HELL!

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE BITTER!

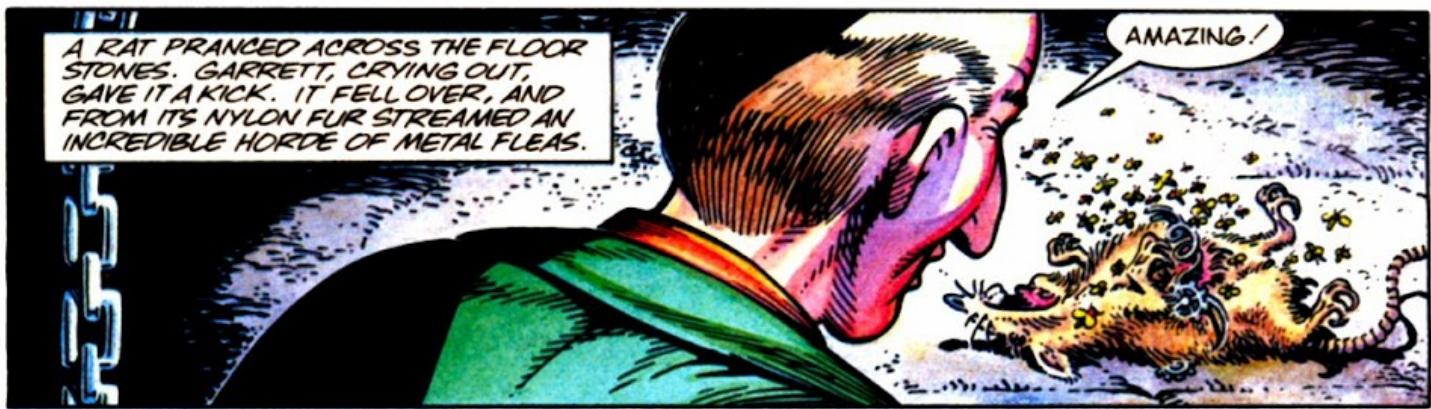
MR. GARRETT, YOU MUST TURN IN A FULL REPORT, MUSN'T YOU?

YES.

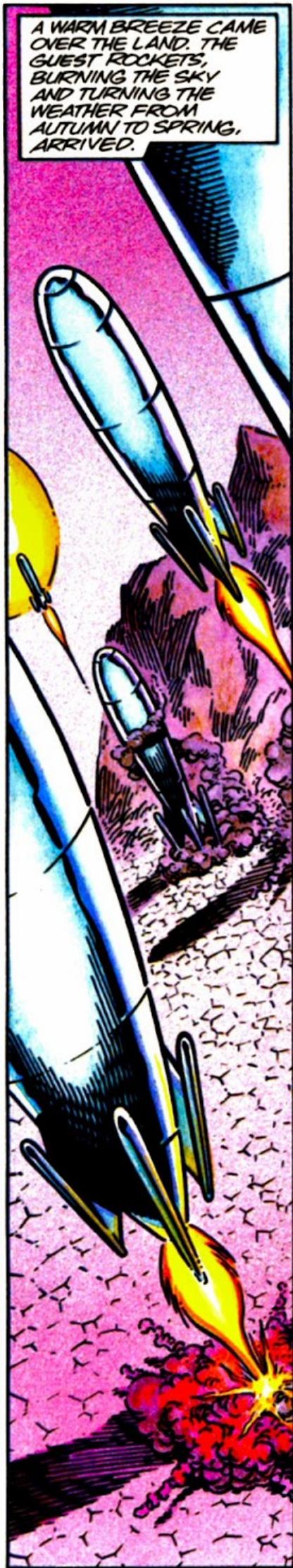
THEN, FOR CURIOSITY'S SAKE YOU'D BETTER COME IN AND LOOK AROUND. IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE.

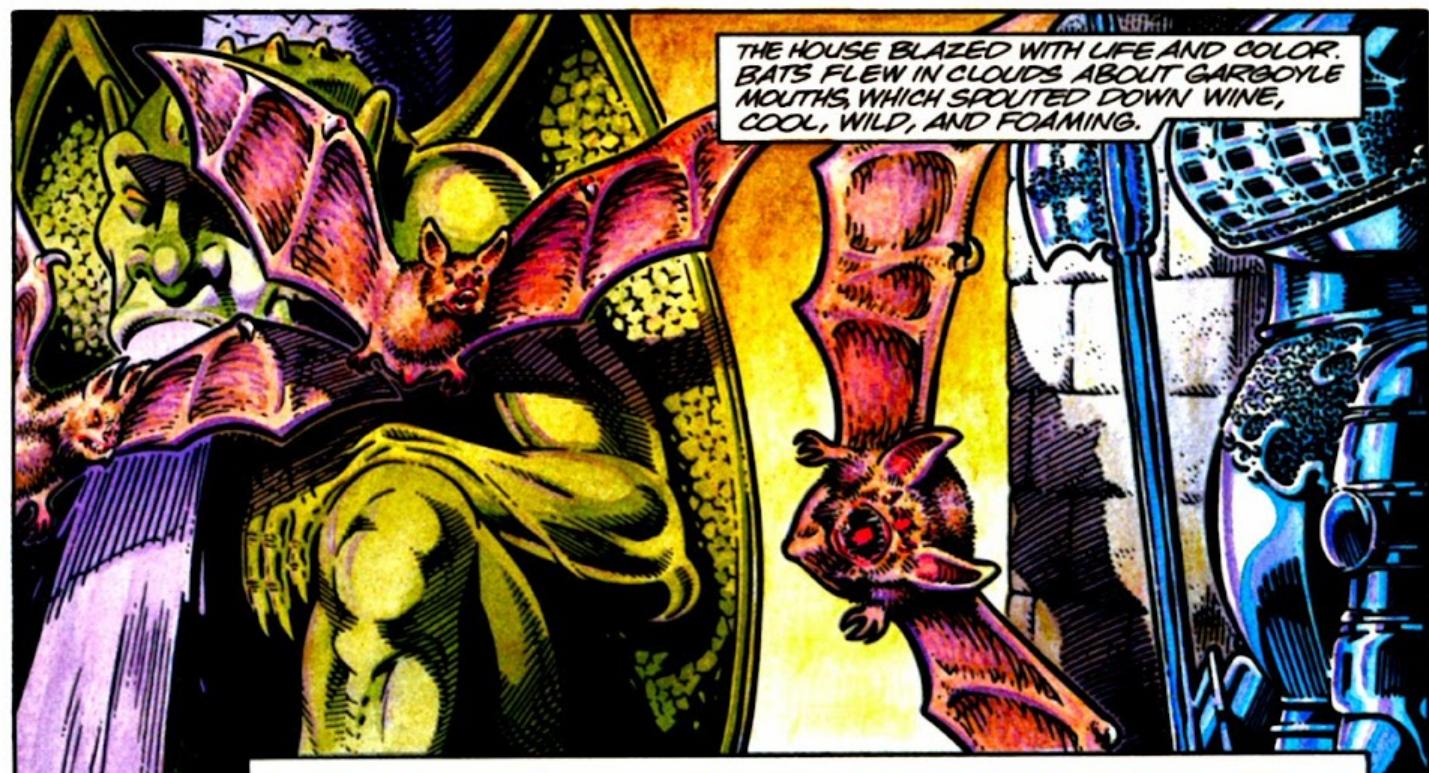
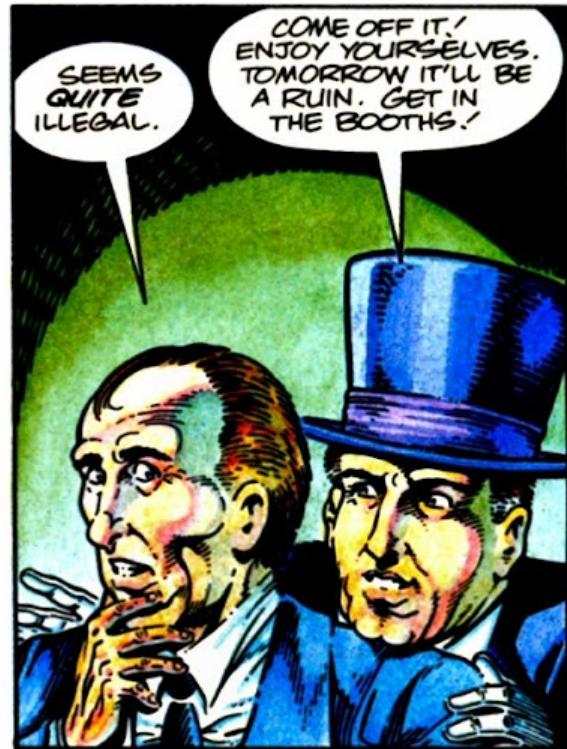
ALL RIGHT, LEAD THE WAY AND NO TRICKS! I'VE GOT A GUN WITH ME.

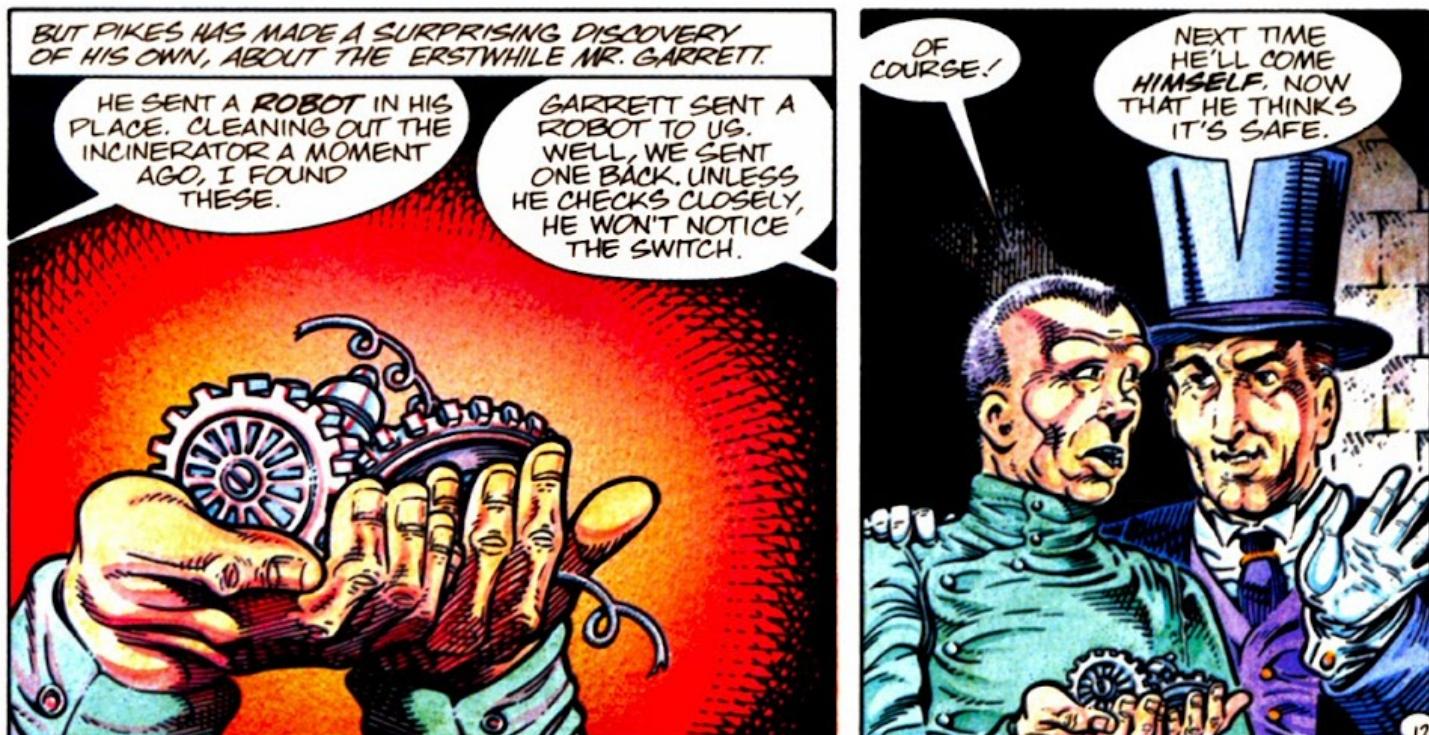
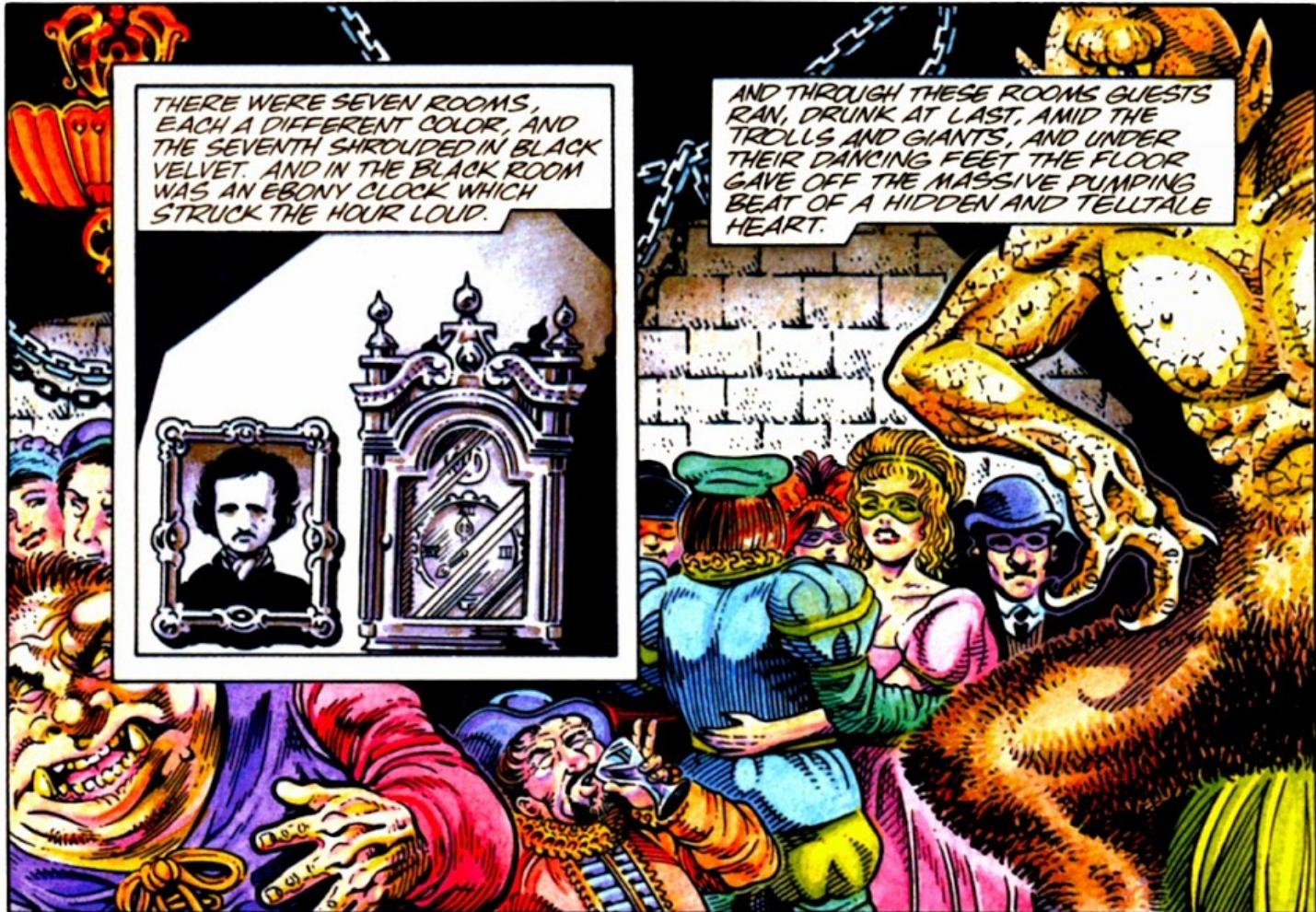
THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE OF USHER CREAKED WIDE. THERE WAS AN IMMENSE SIGHING AND MOANING, LIKE SUBTERRANEAN BELLows BREATHING IN THE LOST CATACOMBS.



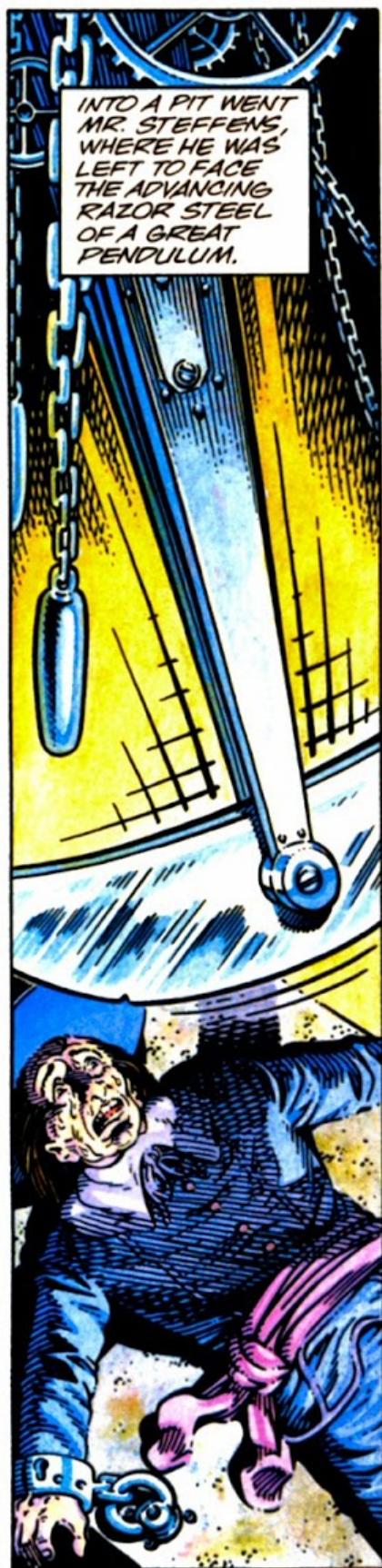




















THEY LOOKED AT THE GREAT HOUSE, SMILING. IT BEGAN TO CRACK DOWN THE MIDDLE, AS WITH AN EARTHQUAKE.

* "MY BRAIN REELED AS I SAW THE MIGHTY WALLS RUSHING ASUNDER--THERE WAS A LONG, TUMULTUOUS SHOUTING SOUND LIKE THE VOICE OF A THOUSAND WATERS--AND THE DEEP AND DANK TARN AT MY FEET CLOSED SULLENLY AND SILENTLY OVER THE FRAGMENTS OF THE HOUSE OF USHER."



*EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.
+EDGAR ALLAN POE, A CASK OF AMONTILLADO.



RAY
BRADBURY
CHRONICLES

DINOSAURS

I

The Fog Horn

II

Besides A Dinosaur,
WhattaYa Wanna Be
When You Grow Up?



NANTIER • BEAL L • MINOUSTCHINE
publishing inc.
new york

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK



INTRODUCTION

Have you ever known anyone who didn't want to be a dinosaur, waking one morning all smiling teeth and grasping claw? I don't recall anyone ever in my life who, if given the prehistoric wish, wouldn't have loved to find themselves at dawn, dressed up in samurai armor, which many dinosaurs seemed to wear, and ready to breakfast on beasts or humans, which ever was handy. Even girls, who find most boys' activities pretty silly, join the magic circle in wanting to dance through the primeval jungle clearings in Allosaurus skins and flesh. For, if we believe Disney and *Fantasia*, the Allosaur was the lightest prancing dancing monster in ancient times. As dainty as your daintiest ballerina lurking and shadowing the turf. I always opted for *Tyrannosaurus rex*, myself, and almost made it as you will see from one of these illustrated tales. *The Fog Horn* happened to me, in a way, when I stumbled across the "bones" of the Venice Pier roller-coaster, knocked down and strewn in the shoreline sands, 44 years ago. Hearing the fog horn blow that night, way out in the bay, I leaped to my typewriter and wrote the saddest story ever written about a dinosaur. Read it and weep!

Ron Bradbury

Cover By Ken Steacy

KEN STEACY has worked in a variety of genres, including animation, aviation illustration, science-fiction and interactive software. Among his works are *The Sacred & The Profane*, Harlan Ellison's *Night And The Enemy*, *Astroboy*, and his prestige mini-series *Tempus Fugitive* from DC Comics. He lives in British Columbia with his wife Joan and two sons.

WAYNE BARLOWE attended the Art Students League and Cooper Union in New York and apprenticed at the American Museum of Natural History. His first book, *Barlowe's Guide To Extraterrestrials* received nominations for the American Book Award and the Hugo, and was chosen Best Book for Young People by the American Library Association. Barlowe's artwork has appeared in *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, and on over two hundred paperback covers. He is currently illustrating another Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc., book about dinosaurs.

MICHAEL KUCHARSKI is a graduate of both the Famous Artist Correspondence Course and the Center for Creative Studies. His range of assignments has included fiction, wildlife, product and medical illustrations. A long-time comic book fan, he lives in Michigan with his wife, Gail, three cats, and thirteen goldfish.

CARLA FEENY is a Canadian based artist. She works out of the Digital Chameleon studio under the direction of Lovern Kindzierski. Carla's color has graced the pages of *Batman: Poison Tomorrow* for DC Comics and *Tomb of Dracula* for Marvel.

WILLIAM STOUT is an internationally acclaimed artist who first became noticed for his underground record covers and comics. His illustrations of dinosaurs have been featured in Donald Glut's *Dinosaur Dictionary*, and his own book, *The Dinosaurs*, which was edited by Byron Preiss. His work has been commissioned by directors George Lucas and John Milius. He has a major traveling exhibition of his paintings of Antarctica and is working on an animated television series based on *Jurassic Park*.

The Fog Horn

Adapted by Wayne D. Barlowe

Besides A Dinosaur, Whatta Ya

Wanna Be When You Grow Up?

Adapted by Mike Kucharski

Colored by Carla Feeny

Lettered by James Osten

Frontispiece by William G. Stout

Special thanks to Don Congdon,
Dan Martin at Sprintout, Doug Murray

and Uncle Ray.

Executive Editor: Byron Preiss

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Art Director/Designer: Dean Motter

Assistant Editor: Kenneth Grobe

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Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc.
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THE

FOOL

HORN



Out there in the cold water,
far from land, we waited every
night for the coming of the fog,
and it came and we oiled the
brass machinery and lit the fog
light up in the stone tower.



McDunn and I sent the light
touching out, red then white,
to eye the lonely ships. And if
they did not see our light
there was always our voice,
the great deep cry of our
foghorn shuddering
through the rags of mist.



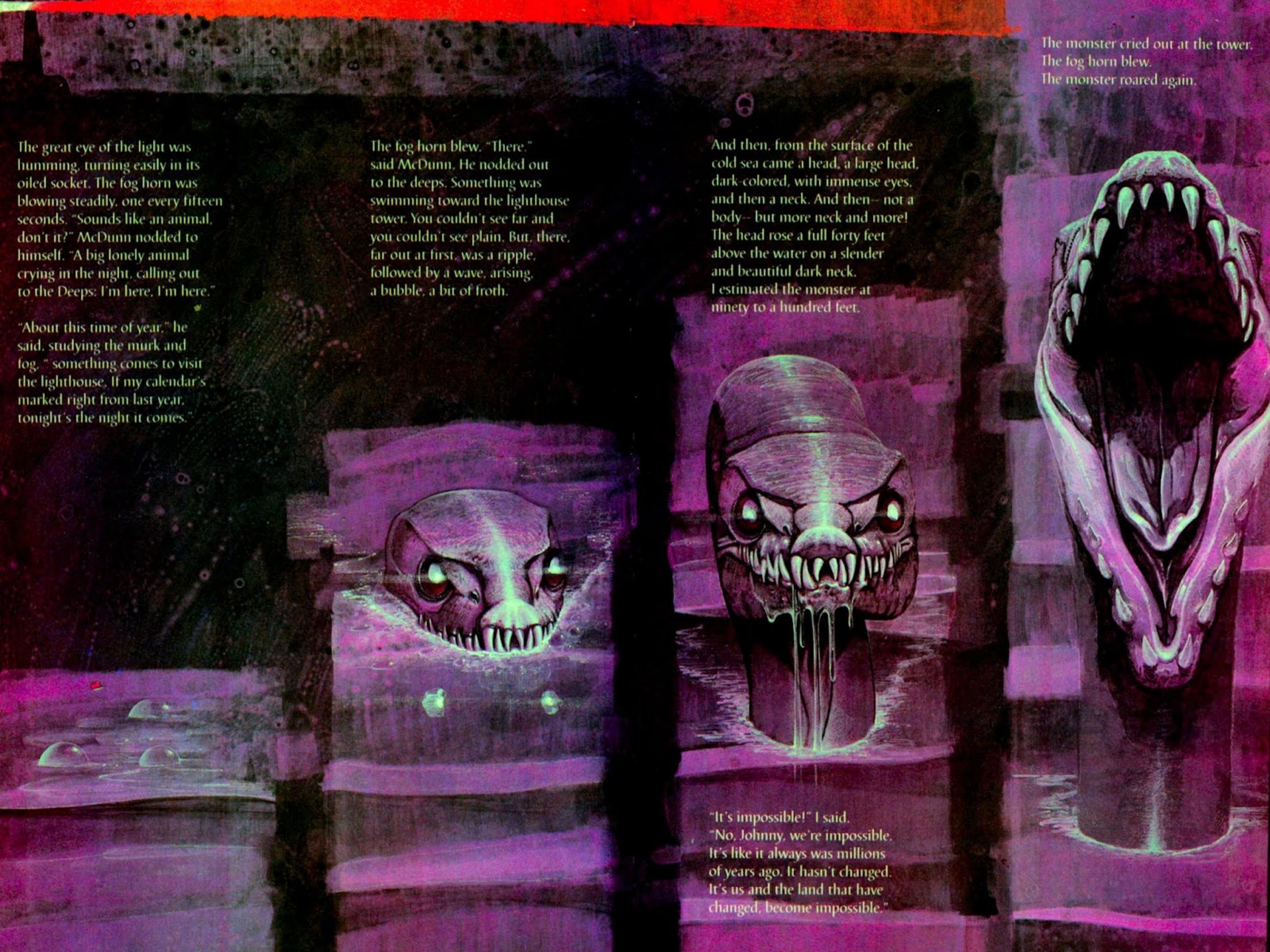
It was a quarter past seven of
a cold November evening, the
heat on, the light switching its
tail in two hundred directions,
the fog horn rumbling in the
high throat of the tower.



"The mysteries of the sea,"
McDunn said thoughtfully. "One night,
years ago, I was here alone, when all
of the fish of the sea surfaced out there.
Something made them swim in and
lie in the bay, sort of trembling
and staring up at the tower light.



"Then, without so much as a sound,
they slipped away, the million of
them gone. I kind of think maybe, in
some sort of way, they came all those
miles to worship. Think how the tower
must look to them, standing seventy feet
above the water, the god-light flashing
out from it, and the tower declaring
itself with a monster voice."



The great eye of the light was humming, turning easily in its oiled socket. The fog horn was blowing steadily, one every fifteen seconds. "Sounds like an animal, don't it?" McDunn nodded to himself. "A big lonely animal crying in the night, calling out to the Deeps: I'm here, I'm here."

"About this time of year," he said, studying the murk and fog, "something comes to visit the lighthouse. If my calendar's marked right from last year, tonight's the night it comes."

The fog horn blew. "There," said McDunn. He nodded out to the deeps. Something was swimming toward the lighthouse tower. You couldn't see far and you couldn't see plain. But, there, far out at first, was a ripple, followed by a wave, arising, a bubble, a bit of froth.

And then, from the surface of the cold sea came a head, a large head, dark-colored, with immense eyes, and then a neck. And then-- not a body-- but more neck and more! The head rose a full forty feet above the water on a slender and beautiful dark neck. I estimated the monster at ninety to a hundred feet.

The monster cried out at the tower.
The fog horn blew.
The monster roared again.



"It's impossible!" I said.
"No, Johnny, we're impossible.
It's like it always was millions
of years ago. It hasn't changed.
It's us and the land that have
changed, become impossible."

"All year long, Johnny, that poor monster lying far out, a thousand miles at sea, and twenty miles deep maybe, biding its time. Perhaps it's a million years old, this one creature. Maybe it's the last of its kind."

"But that fog horn comes through, faint and familiar, and you begin to rise. You feed yourself on great slates of cod and minnow, on rivers of jellyfish, and you rise slowly through the autumn months. You've got to go slow; if you surfaced all at once you'd explode."

"So it takes you all of three months to surface, and then a number of days to swim through the cold waters to the lighthouse."

The fog horn blew. The monster was rushing at the lighthouse. "Let's see what happens," said McDunn. He switched the fog horn off. The monster stopped and froze. Its mouth gaped. It gave a sort of rumble, like a volcano. It peered at the lighthouse. It rumbled again.

"And there you are, out in the night, the biggest damn monster in creation. And here's the lighthouse calling to you, with a voice like your voice." The fog horn blew.

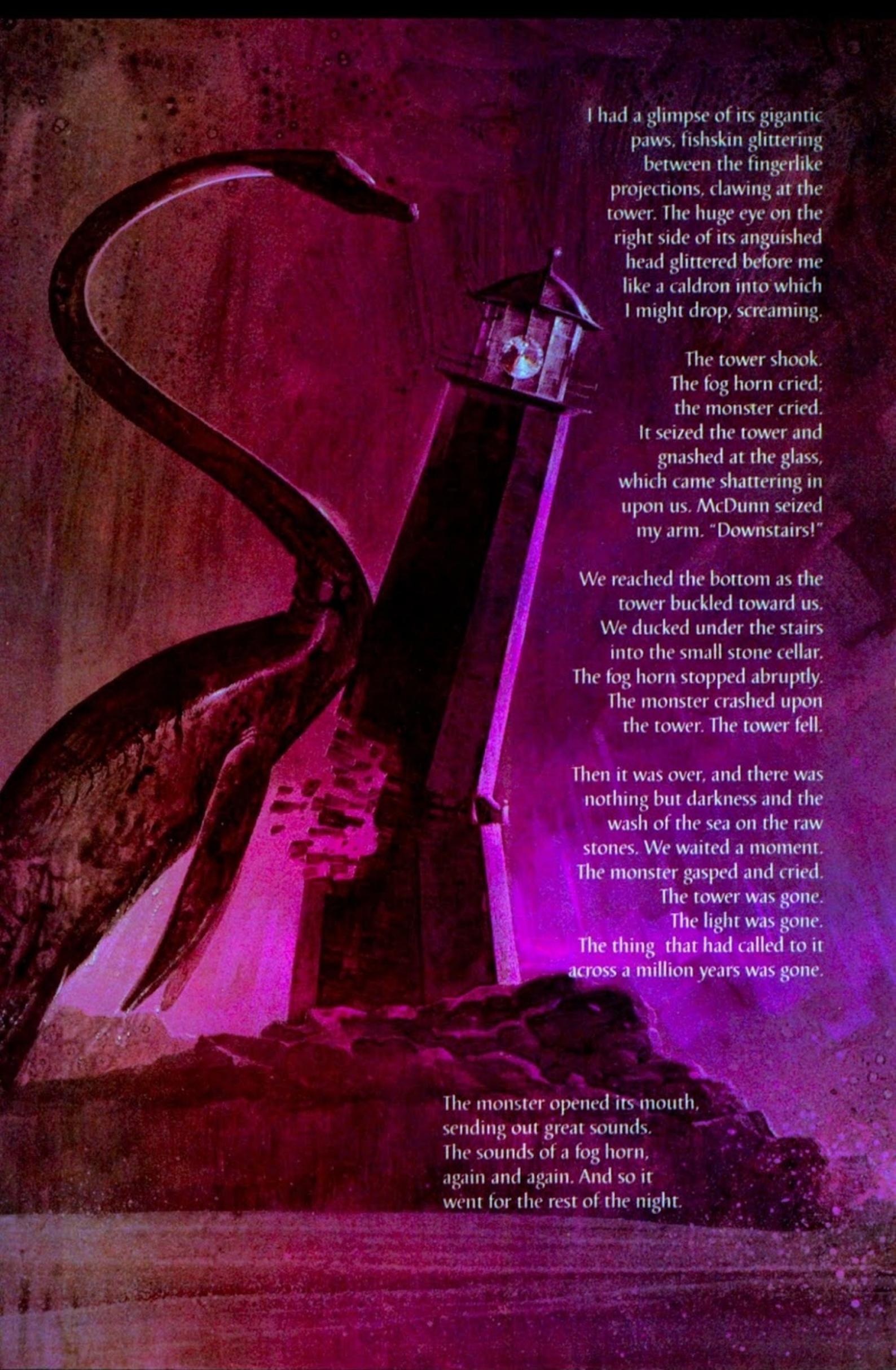
The monster answered.



"Could you wait that long? think of it... the sound of the fog horn comes and goes, comes and goes, and you stir from the muddy bottom of the deeps, and your eyes open like the lenses of two-foot cameras and you move, slow, slow, for you have the sea on your shoulders, heavy."



Then its eyes caught fire. It reared up, threshed the water, and rushed at the tower, its eyes filled with angry torment. "McDunn!" I cried. "Switch on the horn!" But even as he switched it on, the monster was rearing up.



I had a glimpse of its gigantic paws, fishskin glittering between the fingerlike projections, clawing at the tower. The huge eye on the right side of its anguished head glittered before me like a caldron into which I might drop, screaming.

The tower shook.
The fog horn cried;
the monster cried.
It seized the tower and
gnashed at the glass,
which came shattering in
upon us. McDunn seized
my arm. "Downstairs!"

We reached the bottom as the tower buckled toward us.
We ducked under the stairs into the small stone cellar.
The fog horn stopped abruptly.
The monster crashed upon the tower. The tower fell.

Then it was over, and there was nothing but darkness and the wash of the sea on the raw stones. We waited a moment. The monster gasped and cried.
The tower was gone.
The light was gone.
The thing that had called to it across a million years was gone.

The monster opened its mouth, sending out great sounds. The sounds of a fog horn, again and again. And so it went for the rest of the night.



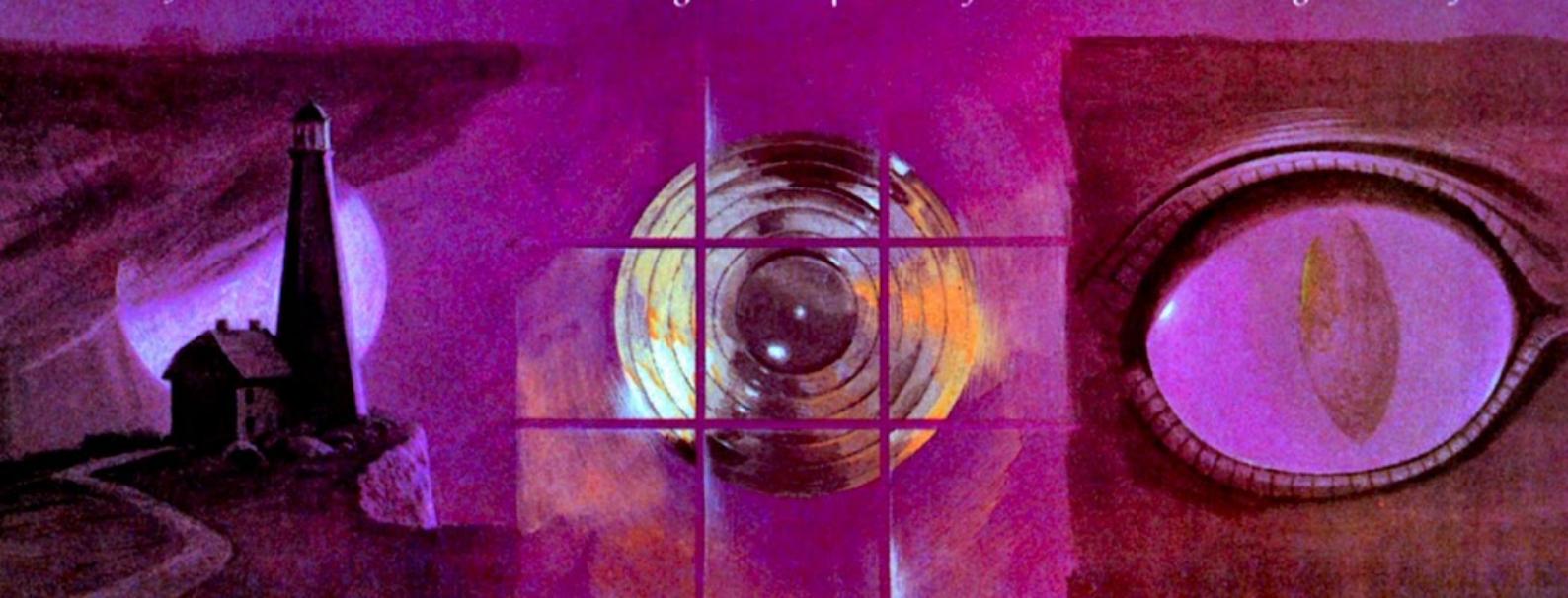
The sun was hot and yellow
the next afternoon when the
rescuers came to dig us out
from our stoned-under cellar.

"It fell apart, is all," McDunn
said gravely. "We had a few
bad knocks from the waves,
and it just crumbled."

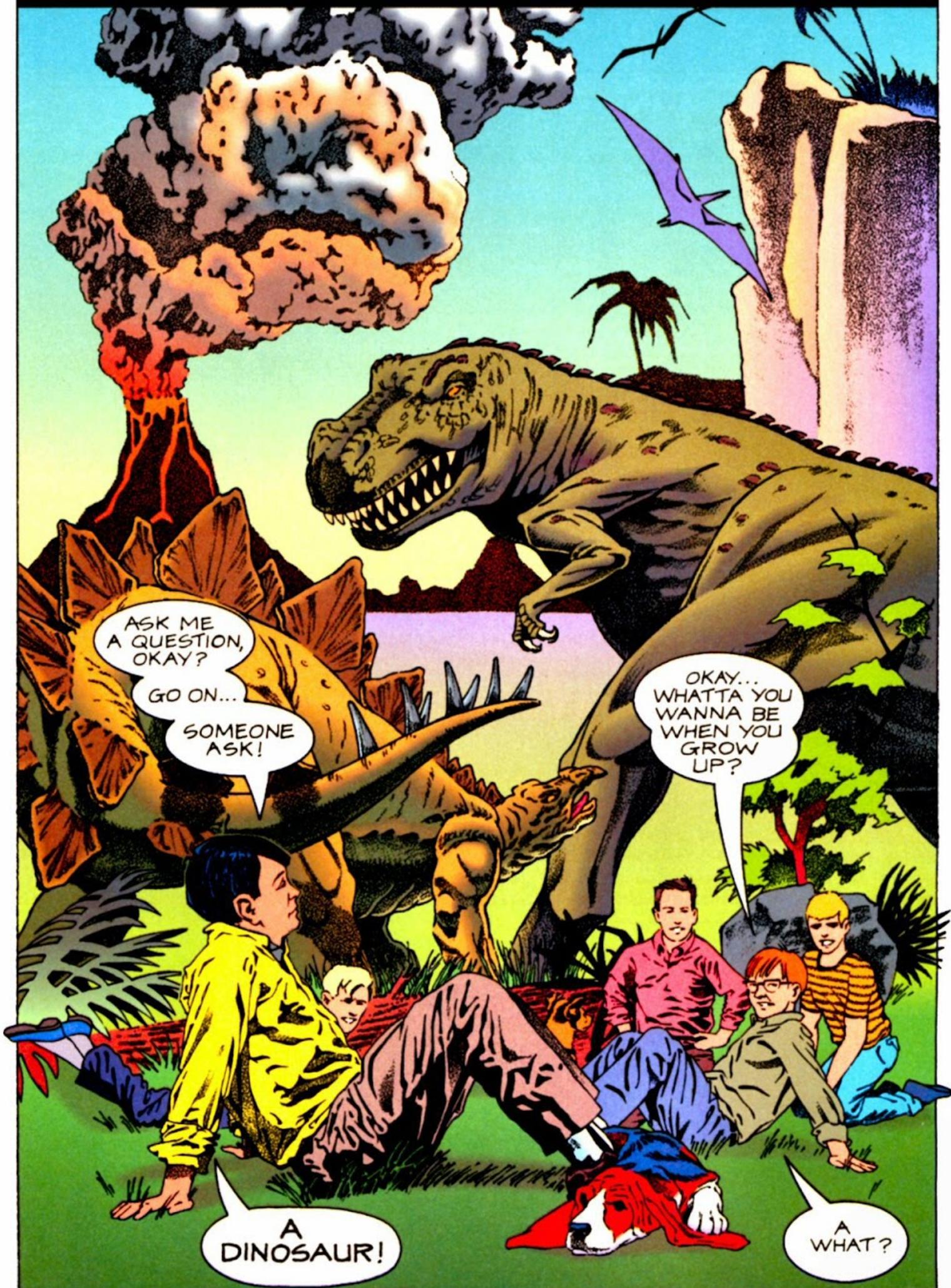
The next year they built a new
lighthouse. McDunn, master
of the new lighthouse, had it
built to his own specifications,
out of steel reinforced concrete.
It was ready in late November.

I drove down alone one
evening late, and parked my

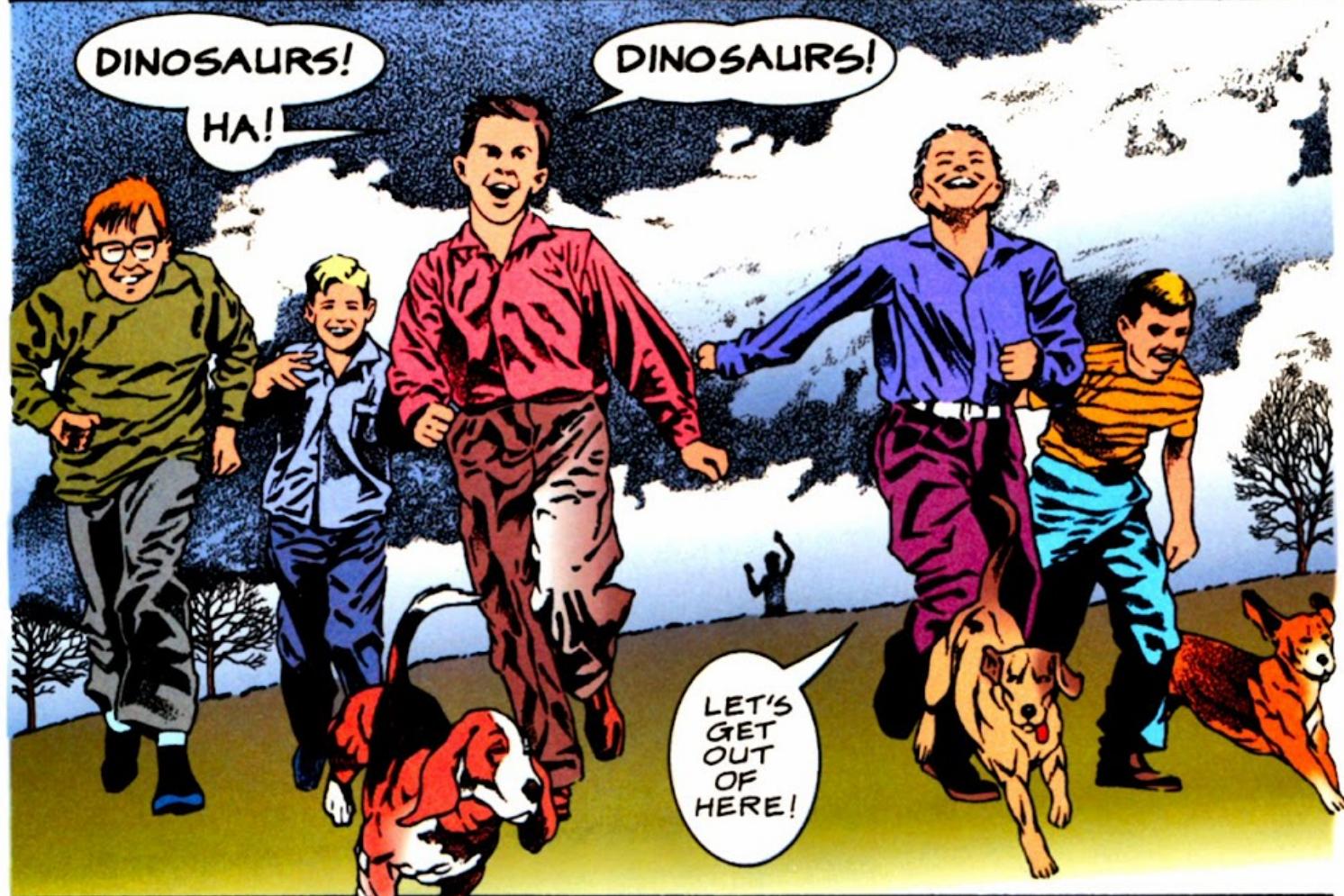
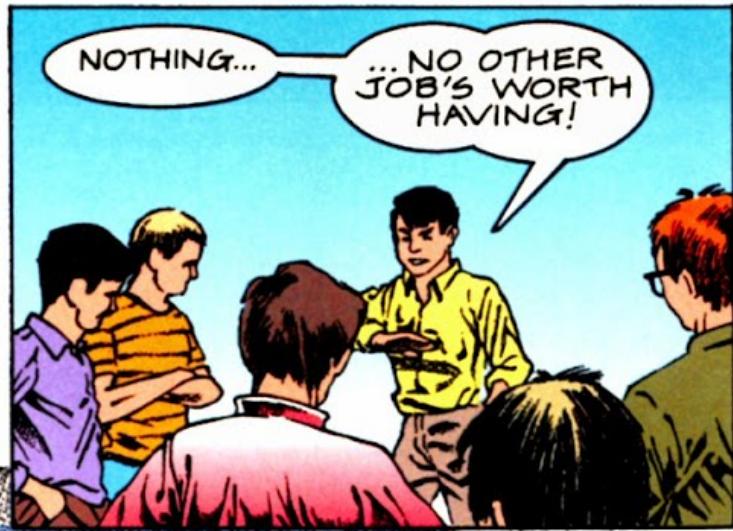
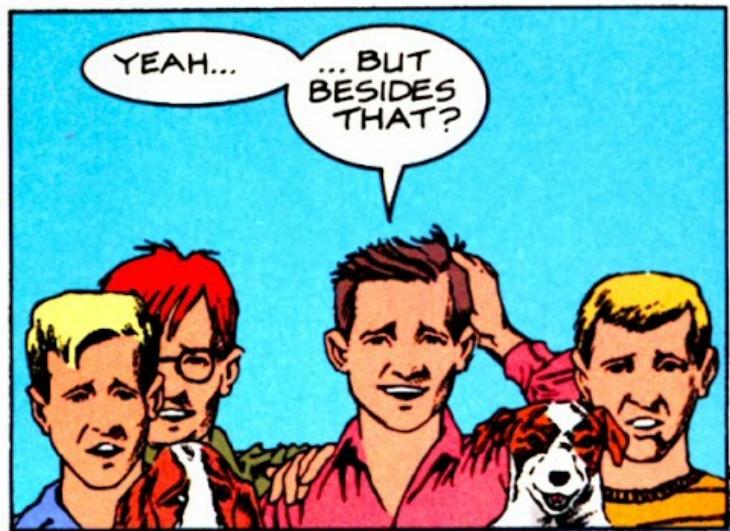
car and looked across the gray
waters. I listened to the new
horn, sounding four times a
minute. The monster? It never
came back. I could only hear
the horn. It sounded like
the monster calling.
I sat there wishing there
was something I could say.



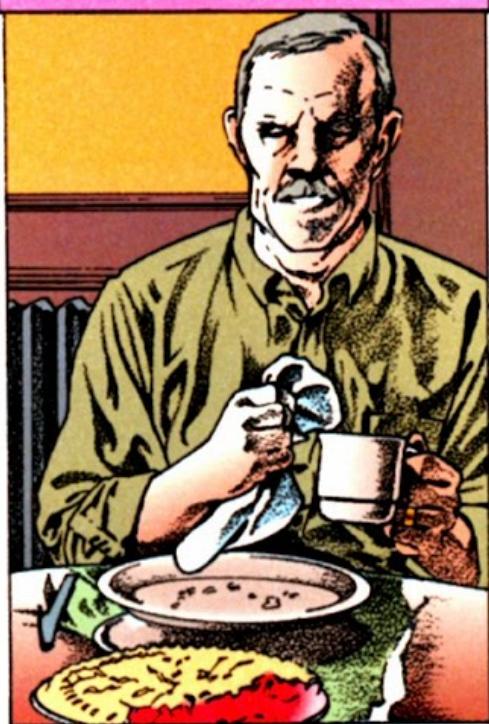
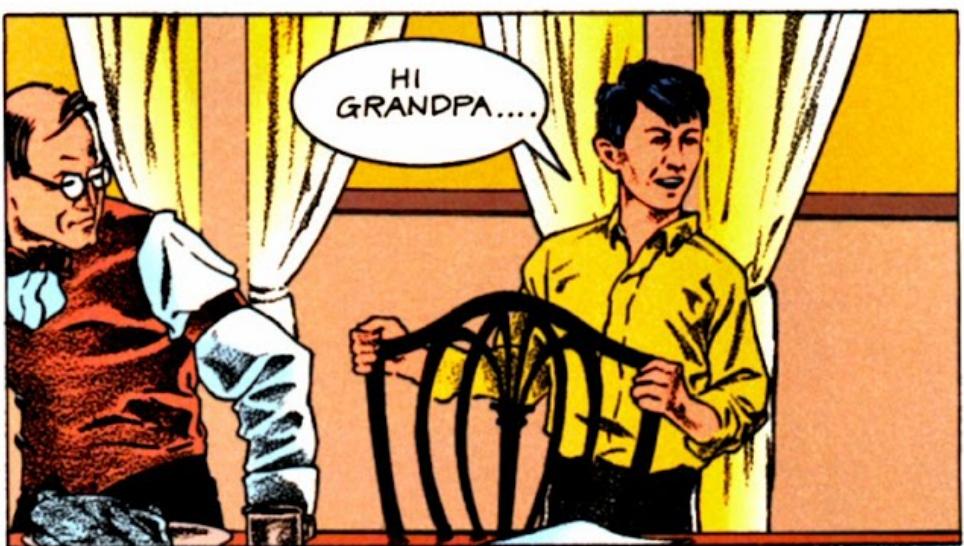
BESIDES A DINOSAUR,



WHATTA YA WANNA BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?



FROM THE RAILROAD
TO THE LIBRARY TO
THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
TO A DOWNTOWN
PRINTSHOP, GRANDPA'S
CAREER HAD RUN,
STOPPING ONLY FOR
OCCASIONAL FILL UPS
FROM HIS WIFE'S
DINING ROOM TABLE
OR THE DANDELION
WINE FROM HIS ANTI-
PROHIBITION BASEMENT.



YOU GOT BOOKS IN YOUR LIBRARY, GRAMPS.



CHOCKFUL, BUT I
DON'T RECALL ANY
HOW-TO BOOKS
DATING BACK TO
THE JURASSIC OR
CRETACEOUS.

YOU GOT
BILLIONS OF
MAGAZINES
IN THE CELLAR,
GRANDPA...

ANOTHER
HALF A
ZILLION
IN THE
ATTIC!



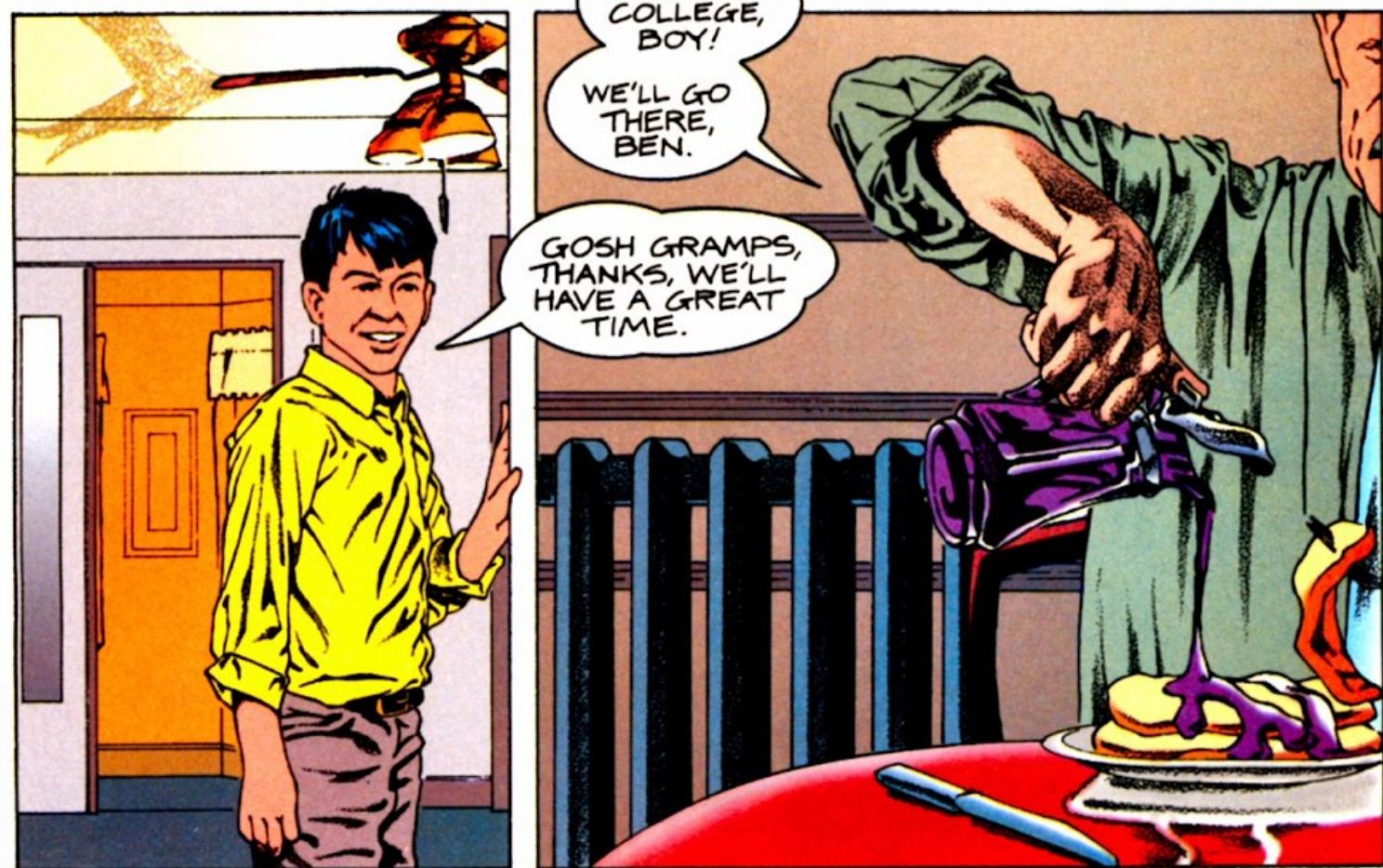
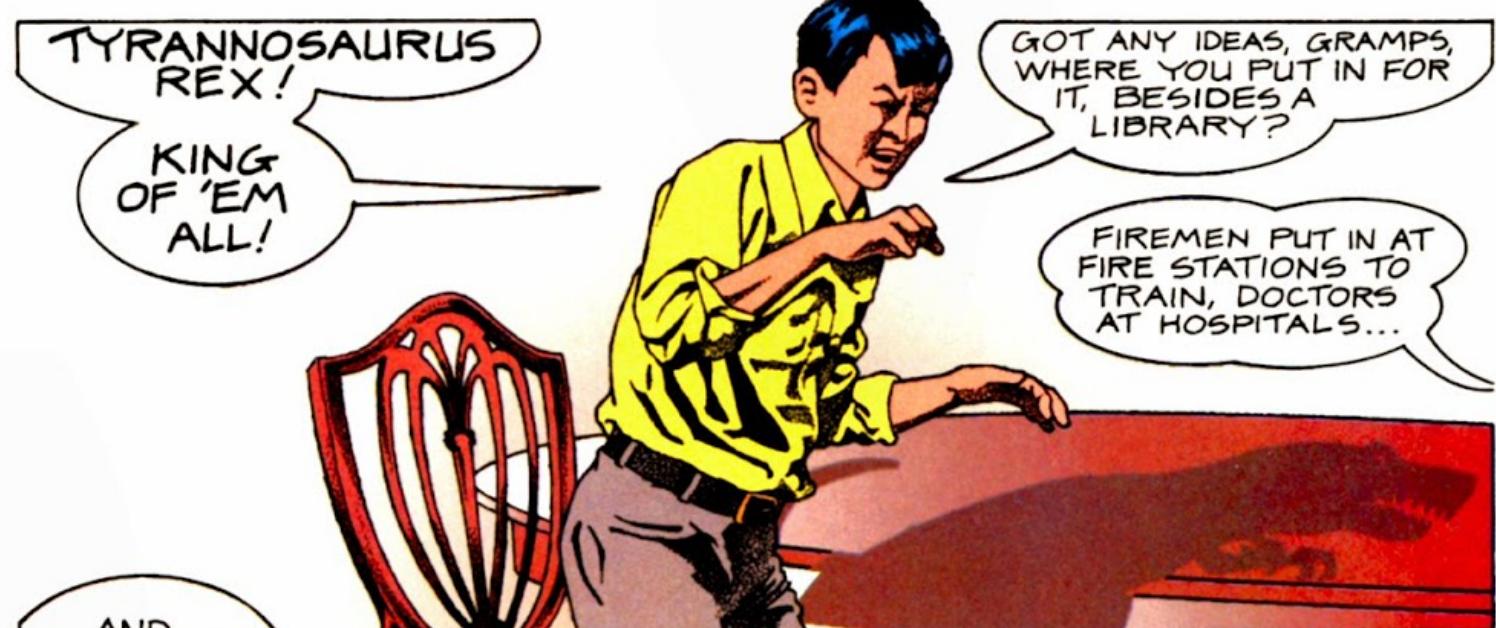
YOU MUST HAVE NINE
HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE
PICTURES OF PRIMEVAL TIMES
AND THE STUFF THAT
LIVED BACK
THEN....



BEN'S PARENTS
HAD VANISHED IN
A STORM ON THE
LAKE TWO YEARS
AGO. SINCE THEN,
THE BOY HAD BEEN
FOUND DOWN BY
THE WATER MANY
TIMES, BUT NEVER
FINDING ANSWERS.

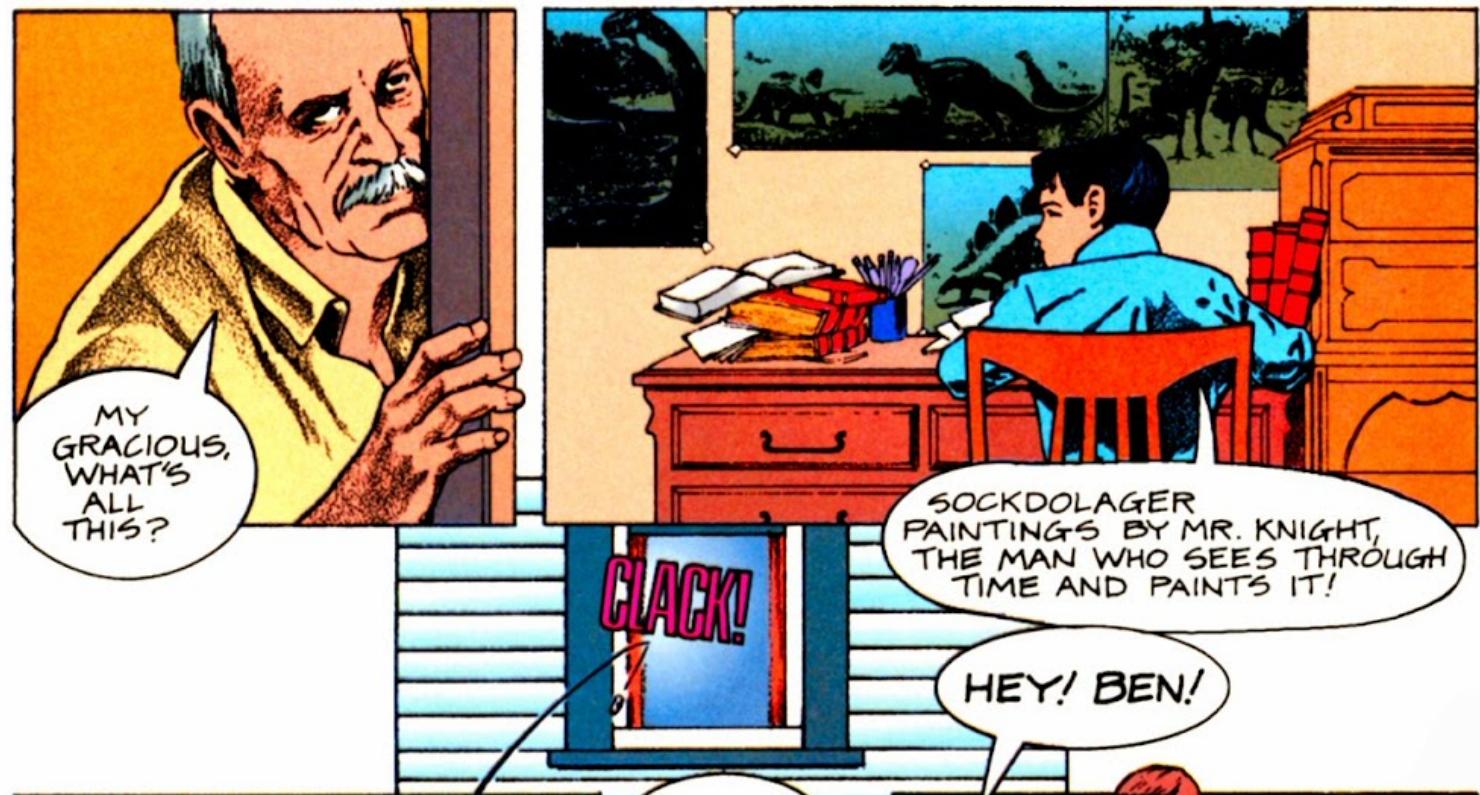
IT WAS
TIME TO
BRING HIM
HOME ONCE
MORE.

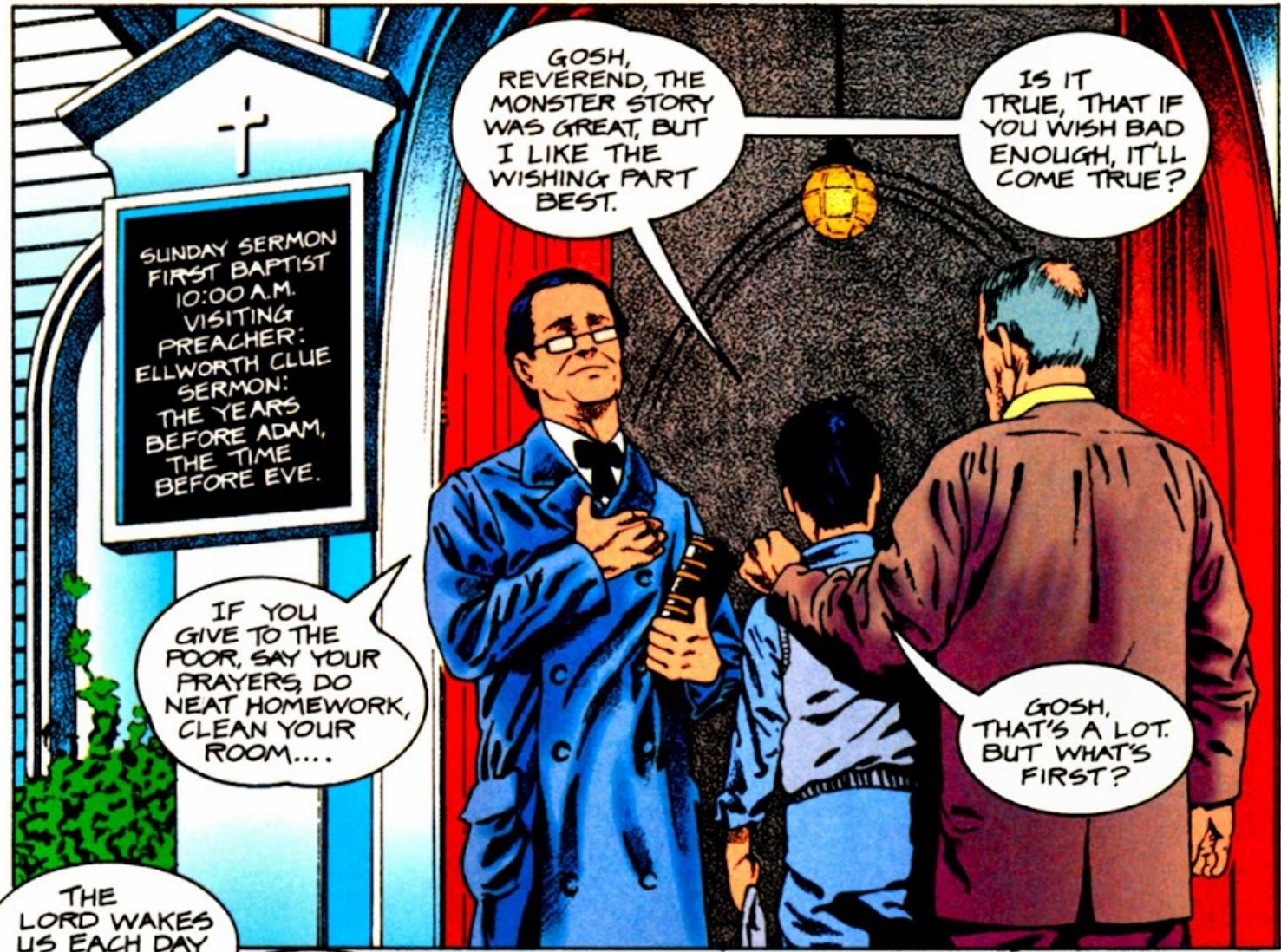


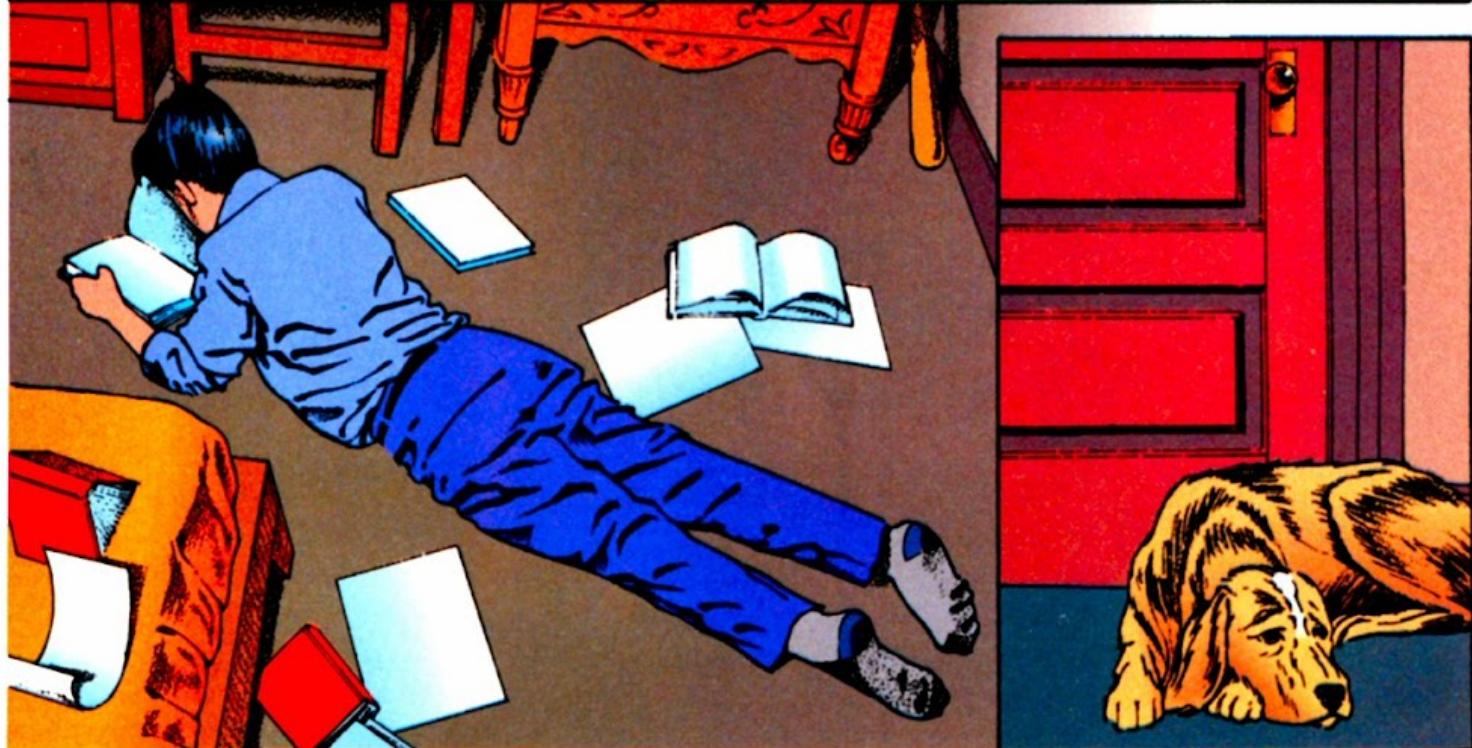
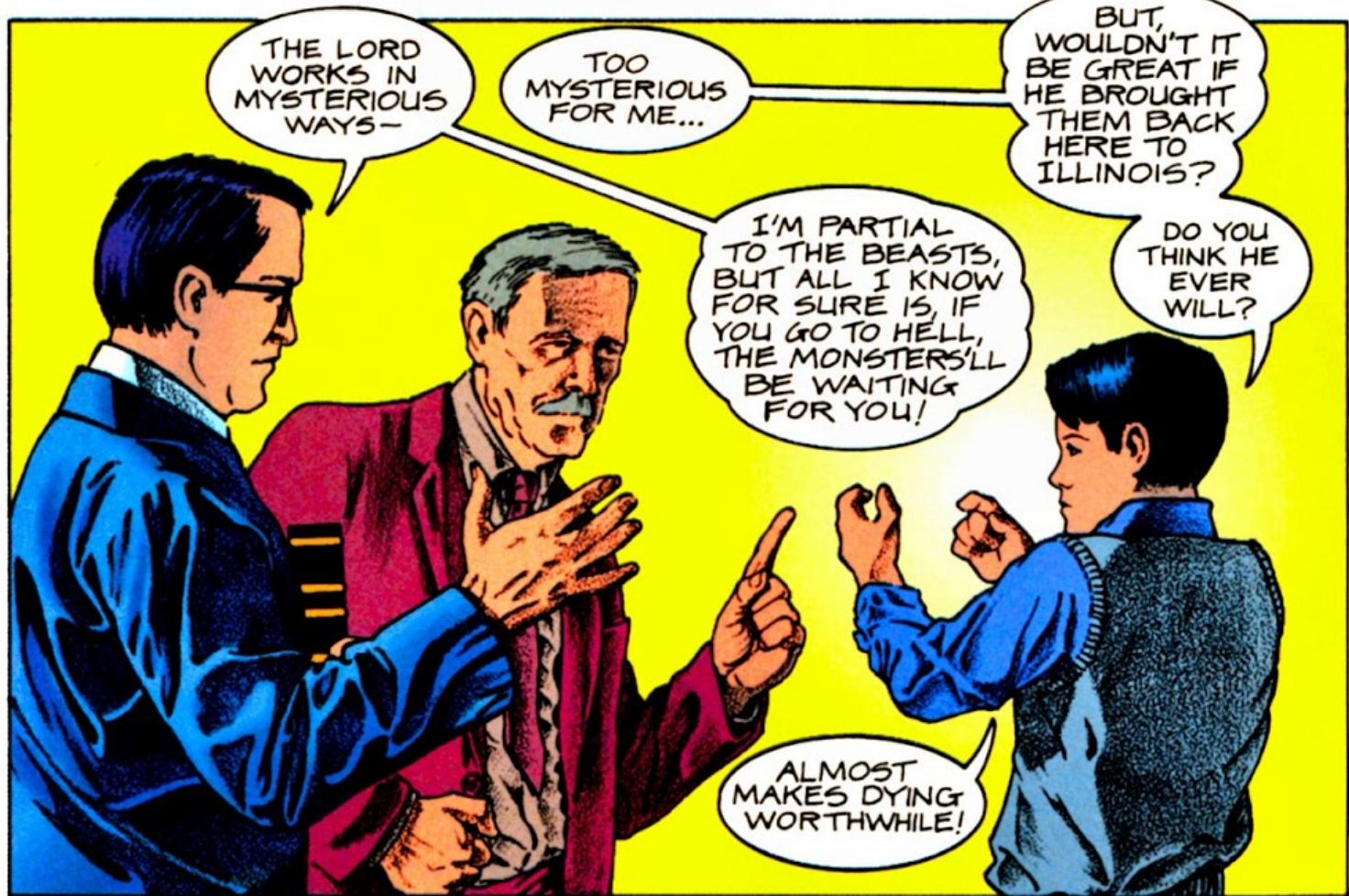










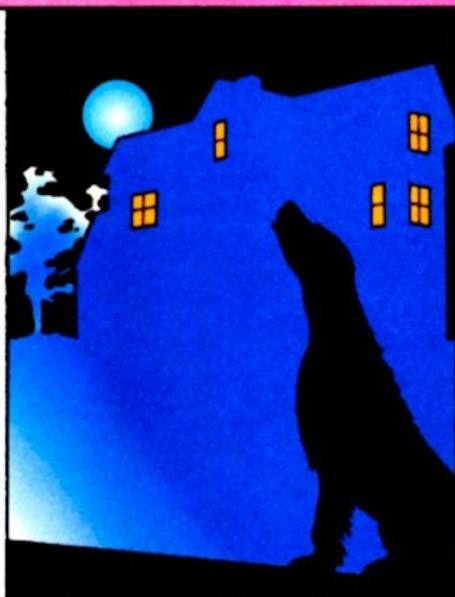




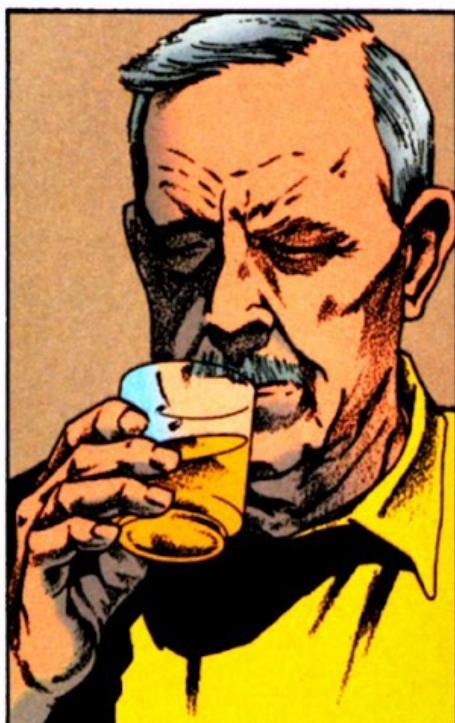
"I DON'T LIKE THE DIRECTION THIS HOUSE IS HEADED IN— THE DOG WON'T COME IN..."

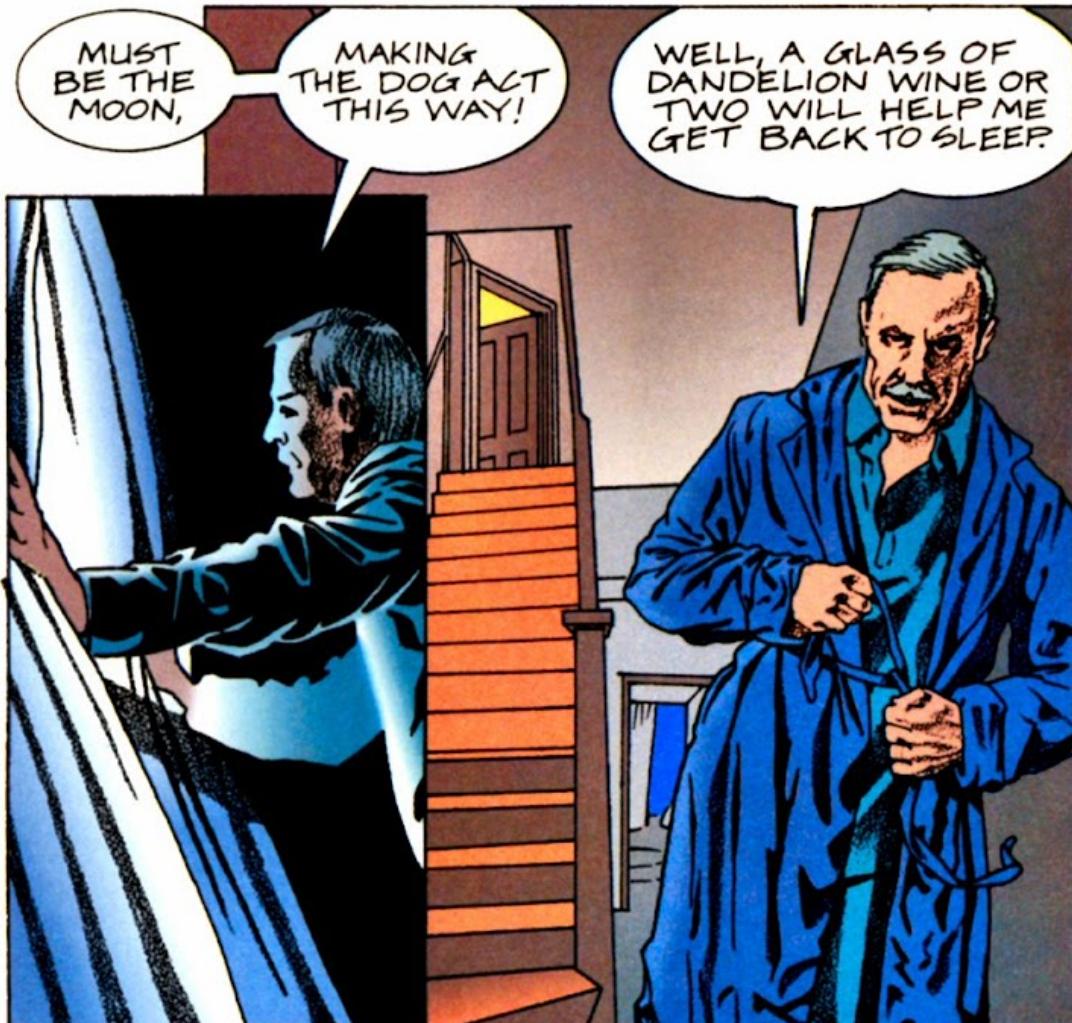


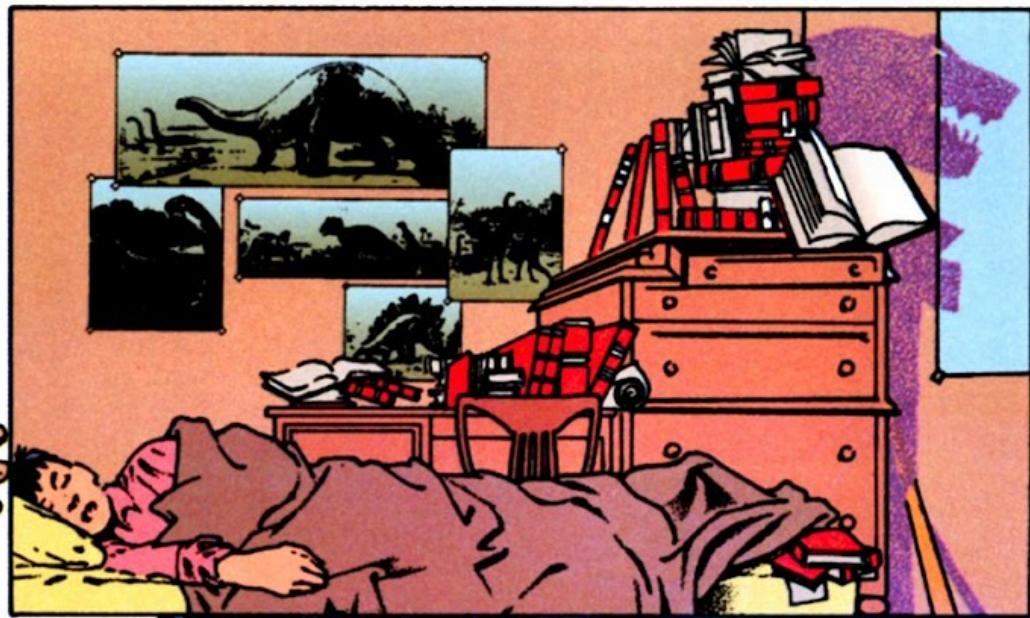
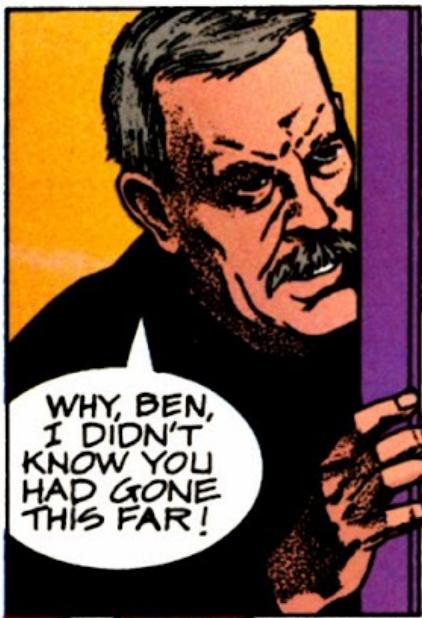
... FAITHFUL MR. WYNESKI COMPLAINING ABOUT THE CAT ON THE ROOF AND NOISES IN THE NIGHT!



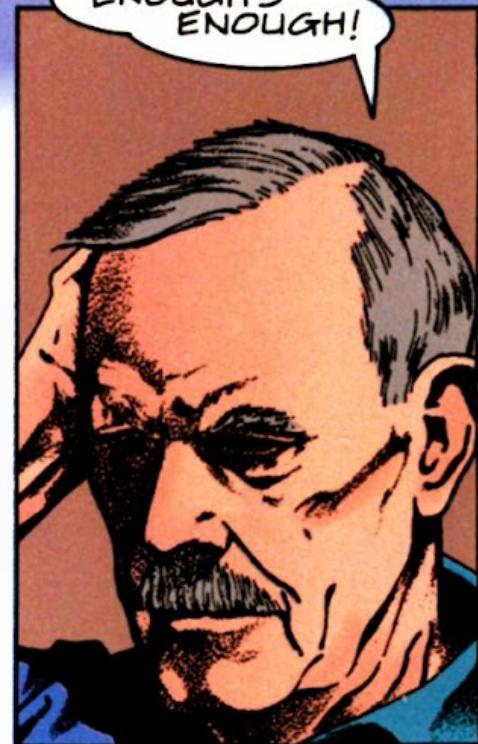
BOARDERS LEAVING!
— IT'S A CRISIS
FOR SURE!"







WHAT?
WHY, BEN, YOU
BEEN GRINDING
YOUR TEETH,
AND—





NOW,
BEN, WHEN
YOU GET UP
AND SEE WHAT
I'VE LAID
OUT FOR
YOU—

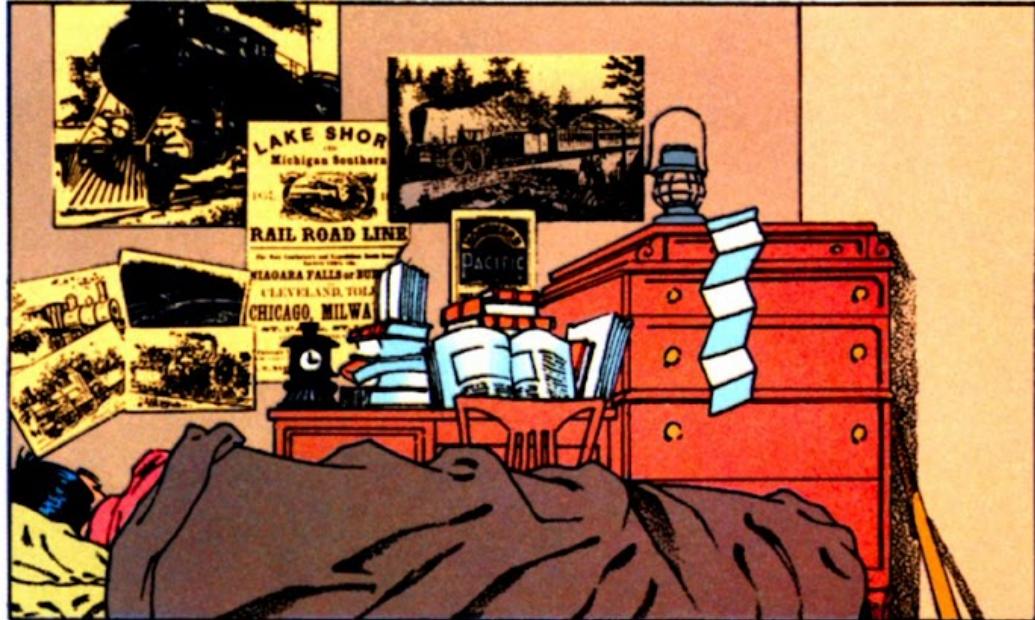
YOU'LL
FIND A
DIFFERENT
BEAST TO
BE PART
OF.

SOMETHING
THAT SHOUTS,
ROARS, RUNS,
EATS FIRE
AND
SHORTENS
TIME.

A
DIFFERENT
BEAST!

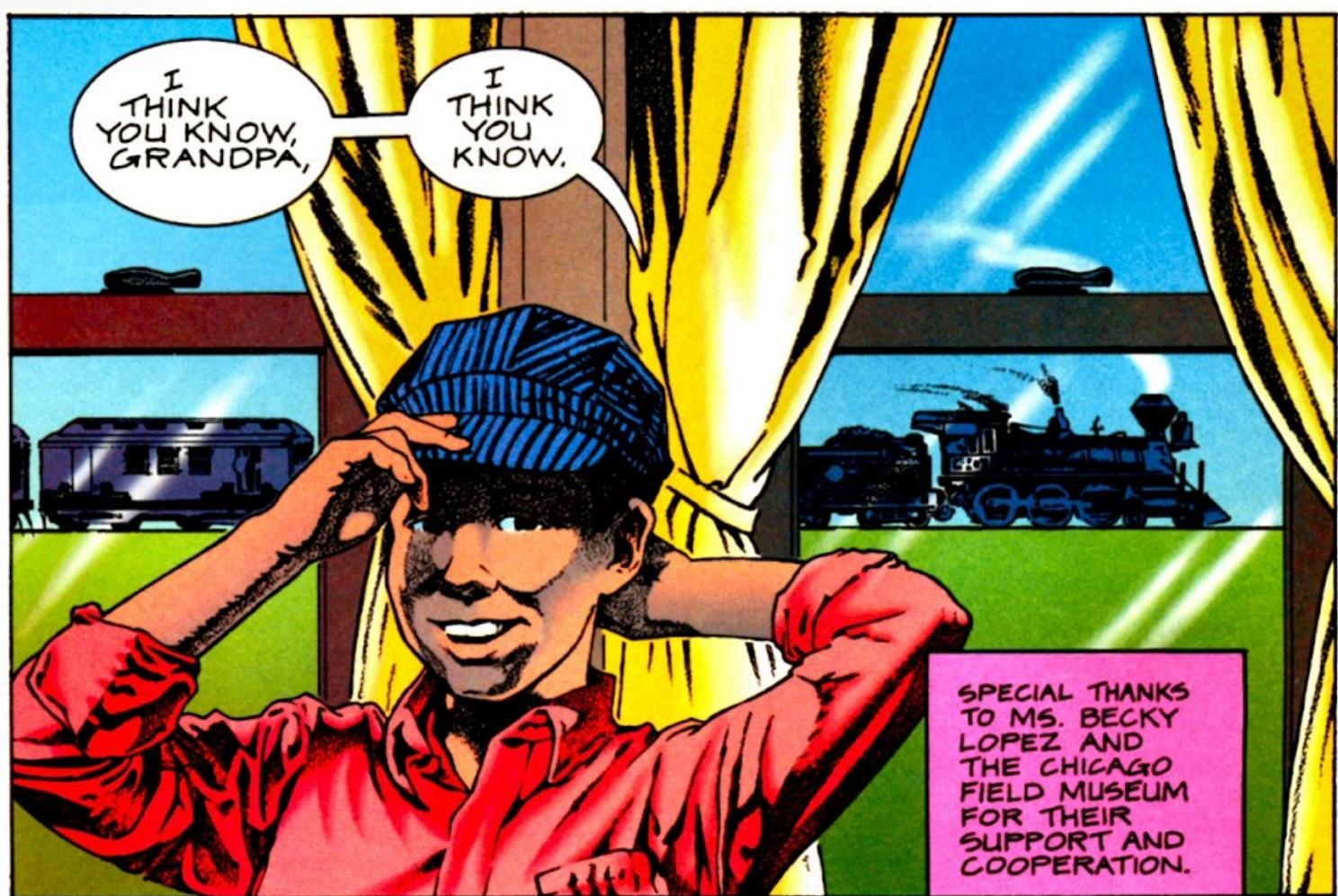
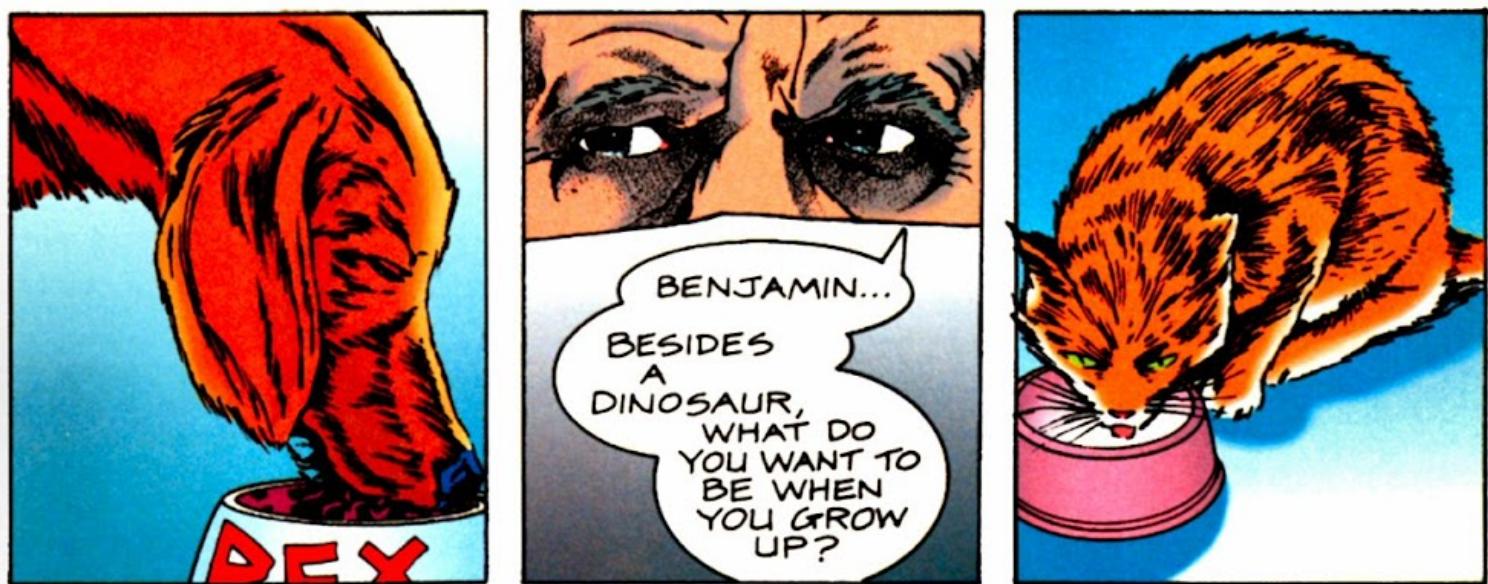
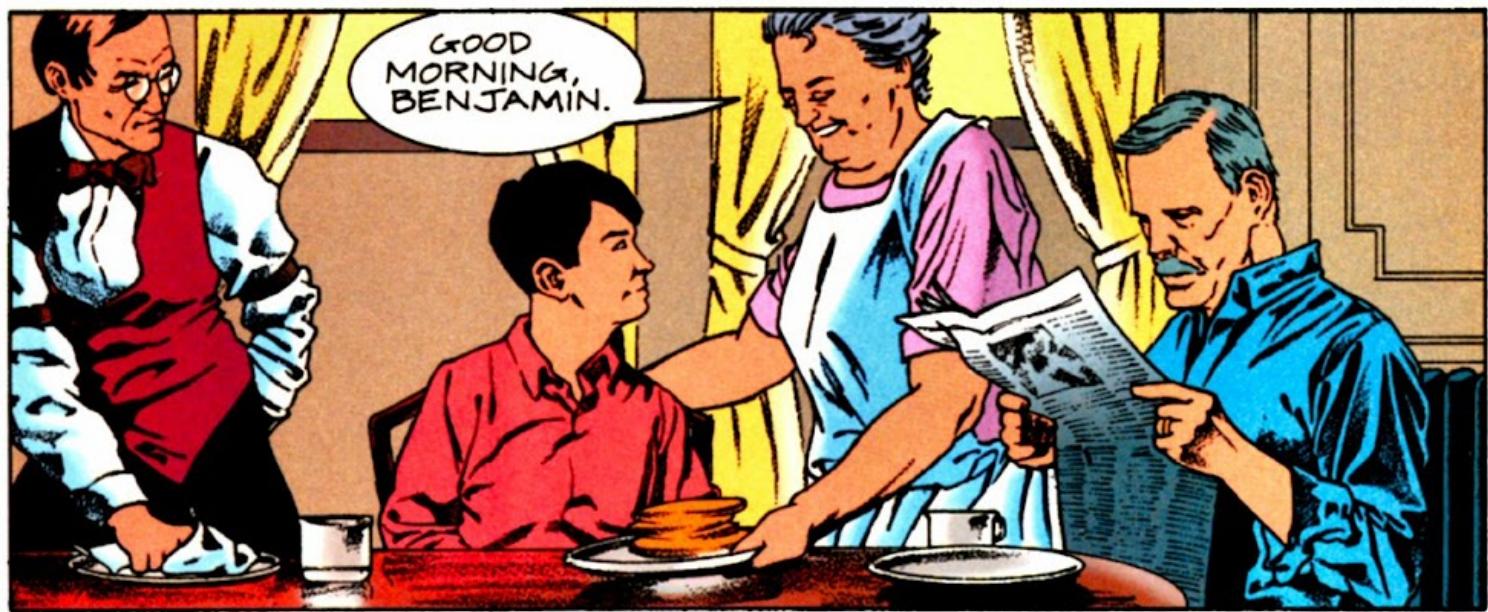
A GRAND AND GLORIOUS ONE YOU
CAN SURELY FIT AND GROW INTO.

HERE'S
AN ENGINEER'S
CAP, BEN.



"GROW YOUR HEAD, YOUR
BRAINS, BUT ESPECIALLY
YOUR DREAMS INTO IT. THERE'S
ENOUGH WILDNESS THERE
FOR ANY BOY AND A LIFE-
TIME OF TRAVEL AND GLORY.
YOU LISTENING, BEN? I
DEARLY HOPE SO, BOY."





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